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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Henry W. Fox.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor }

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NATURE VERSUS ART.

HOW THE DEFICIENCIES OF ONE MAY BE REMEDIED BY THE OTHER, AS ILLUSTRATED IN MANY A BOUDOIR IN NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

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Is pre-eminently the brightest, snappiest and best sensational illustrated dramatic and sporting Sunday newspaper ever given to the public. It is the only pictorial Sunday newspaper published in America, and is issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi river.

*Price 5 cents. For sale everywhere.*RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

WHEN all that fuss was raised about the Union Square leading man, De Belleville, and his two wives, there was no class so bitter on him as the actors themselves. Osmond Tearle, too, was outspoken in condemnation of the wicked man. Where is Osmond, now? Didn't we say the whole mob was worse than De Belleville, and aren't they successively proving the truth of our assertion?

WELL, how is it now? With the array of scandals given out by the loftiest people in the dramatic profession, can there be, any longer, doubt of all that the POLICE GAZETTE has cast at the "perfesh" in the form of innuendo and plain talk? We knew these hypocrites would expose themselves if they were given rope enough. But with all that the public has heard, not one-twentieth part of the iniquity of the people of the stage has been told.

COME, now, the wild west must do better than this in furnishing sensations for the rest of the world. Man-eaters are an old fake. Cannibals have ceased to be thrilling horrors for many years. We want something fresher and more novel in the horrors line than that to stir our sluggish blood. We repudiate, therefore, the quide who ate his seven comrades on a proselyting tour in the wilderness in Montana. We send it back and inquire for a better article.

THE young Kentucky widows have got the romantic fever again. They've taken to marrying handsome strangers after a courtship through the personal advertisements in the Louisville papers. Such a marriage took place in Louisville a few weeks since, and others are in a forward state of development. Our word for it, there's going to be plenty of work for journalists come out of this fashion. Go on, girls—that's right—make items for the POLICE GAZETTE.

DIDN'T we tell you the parsons were jealous of Salmi Morse, and wanted his racket all to themselves? Having squelched him with a final injunction, they have taken the road with biblical orations, opening the season in Brooklyn, and there is talk of preparing Barnum's old drama, "Joseph and his Brethren," for reproduction. All these things are for the benefit of the pastors and the churches, and poor Salmi, left out in the cold, will have the agony of knowing that the whole racket is being run on the impetus given the holy show business by the advance advertising he managed or paid for.

THE snides and hypocrites of that wretched little one-horse village, Seneca Falls, N. Y., can't get over the wonder occasioned by the attempt of the "Police Gazette" combination to give an athletic exhibition in their God-forsaken precincts. The country-produce-paid editor of the ignorant, ungrammatical and stupid local journal, the *Seneca County Courier*, is peculiarly "fresh" on this topic, and has indited several idiotic editorials on the subject. The boor! What a cheek he has to attempt to measure swords with us! The ignorant, sister-coddling, boot-licking, "bum" pretender to journalistic graces! Well! Curs are growing bold indeed, when they dare bark in this key.

THE season of sensational suicides is upon us again, and the rivers begin to cast up their dead in unusual numbers for the spring. The coroner's prospects for the summer are unusually bright, too, when the beginning is so brisk. Most of these suicides are women, and their story being the old, old one of dissipation and weariness of life, is never dwelt on in the public records. It is a dark side of the brilliant escutcheon of the gay metropolis—dark and dismal indeed.

THE laying on of hands dodge is nothing new among the parsons. They all practice it to their great profit—even to the laying of hands on the sisters. But much as they may have tried in the latter cases, now no miracles respond to their touch. Nature always works in the same old way. The holy magic of the parson is only potent in making the husband father the responsibilities of the religious incantations. This is what the parsons call bringing the church right into the family circle. We should say so.

THAT chipper, witty and saucy Journal, *Texas Siftings*, of San Antonio, Texas, has fallen afoul of the cowboy legislature of that state, and is roasting its hypocritical members remorselessly. The *Siftings* has detected a system of unparalleled barbarity in vogue in the state prison system, and is making use of its discovery to open the people's eyes to the crookedness of those legislators who pretend to be so good that they couldn't permit their constituents to read the POLICE GAZETTE. We are glad the *Siftings* has taken this legislative monster by the throat and is shaking it. We'll help all we know how, for, like the *Siftings*, the POLICE GAZETTE never releases its grip. Good boy! Go for the dirty creatures!

THE school girls of New York learn more on their way to and from school than they acquire in the halls of learning. Instance the last seduction trial in which Bruce, the aged and rich typefounder, is accused by Ernestine Cloos, aged 15, of having effected her ruin. She thinks the old man was able to ruin her only to the amount of \$50,000. If it had been a young millionaire, the damage would probably have been much greater. He retorts that the child, when he met her, was of unchaste character. He used, she says, to give her presents and money, five and ten dollars at a time. And this is a sample of the "innocent," bright-eyed children we admire as they trip through the streets to school. What are we coming to? Are all our dreams of virginal purity and childish innocence to be destroyed by the precocity of the age? We'll commence to doubt the babies next. The saints and angels were expunged from our books long ago. What have the poets and dreamers left them that is beautiful in human nature?

THE sort of dramatic chumps that exist nowadays, may be judged from the fact that certain practical jokers regularly amuse themselves all the summer by playing the most ludicrous gags on them as lounge about Union Square. The rage for two summers was the shooting of small bird shot from between the teeth of the joker slap into the face of the victim with whom he was conversing, detection being almost an impossibility, if the worker of the trick managed to preserve his gravity. The recipients of these attentions were rendered all but crazy by the stinging sensations and their rage at the hidden marksman. That game has grown old now, and the child's play has begun again in new forms. We predict that this funny business will lead up to several pitched battles on the sidewalk before the summer has slipped by. There will be some bungler who will work the racket awkwardly and the victim, detecting him, will strike out! Sure. This practical joking is risky, even for clever men; but when sophomores and idiots take a hand there are likely to be unpleasant consequences not down on the bills.

THE noble red man doesn't evangelize for a cent. Long acquaintance with the parson of the period seems to have given the untutored savage about the same opinion of the professors of religion that is held by the POLICE GAZETTE readers of its religious column. It is remarked that ever since he has dropped to the racket of Holy Joe, the dusky son of the wilderness has been very careful in preventing his favorite squaw being alone with the exhorter, and in discouraging pastoral visits when he is away from the wigwam. There isn't much difference between civilized people and savages on this religious question, after all—is there? If Lo could have only read the POLICE GAZETTE he would have adopted this protective domestic policy long ago, as all our church readers have done, and saved his tribe much bad blood—both by infusion and ebullition. But that the savage Indian has learned this without the aids of civilization, however, is a proof that Lo is no chump after all; and this is probably the reason the missionaries have dropped him so suddenly and with such remarkable unanimity.

THE mailing of an explosive toy to a schoolgirl in New York, a few days ago, made a sensation in the city as well as an explosion in the post office. All the monopolist millionaires went down on their marrowbones at once and shrieked for protection. Get up, you curs! the American workingman has no idea of hurting you—all he wants is a chance to live. Don't you try to get your foot on his neck, and there'll be no danger of an explosion.

THE noble red man is getting his regular spring bulge on the palefaces, and a series of general hair-raising matinees is in progress in New Mexico. Now, where is Holy Joe? Wouldn't he like to go down there and reason with your red brethren? Or that magician, the Rev. J. Monck, with his faith-cure. Couldn't he rely on Providence to protect him while he was laying on his hands and driving out Satan from the red man? Perhaps the magic and the prayers might fail, eh? Perhaps the red man might brain the parsons and the reverend magician? Well, what of that? According to their theory and protestation, they are sanctified and fully equipped for angels, and as they are sure there is happy land far, far away, and that their baggage is checked for that country, why should they shrink and decline to take the first train offered them?

IT IS BETTER to be born lucky than rich. A wandering photographic artist, who had strayed to Carson, Nevada, and nearly starved on the way, is a living exemplification of the aphorism. He hadn't had a square meal for a week, and no one wanted a picture taken. He was on the point of trying to pawn his apparatus, and made preparations to take a final picture of a rustic house and outbuildings in the hope of selling it as a study to some artist. A lot of giggling girls and frowsy children posed in the foreground to get into the picture, and the wife of one of the town council climbed on a fence to get in focus. Unfortunately, the poor woman fell forward in her anxiety to get a good position, her foot catching between the spikes of the fence, and remained in an antipodean attitude while the camera was relentlessly taking its vulgar impressions. When the picture was finished the husband of that woman pursued the photographer and purchased the negative from him for \$75, besides providing him a dead-head pass to the east. There was luck for you.

EMBEZZLEMENTS are in order in New York, or rather, the exposure of embezzlements. Three young men who had got away with not less respectively than \$100,000 skipped for Europe on April 9, leaving their relatives and tony friends to apologize for their little freaks. They will return in due time, unpunished and pardoned. The same day a poor man, who had flitched four dollars, was sentenced by the dignified and well-connected Recorder Smyth to twelve years and six months imprisonment. Doesn't it strike you sometimes, reader, that things are getting decidedly mixed, as well as uneven, in this country, for all its modern improvements? We'll bet if we were to call the absconding embezzlers by their right names—thieves—they would turn up in a year as good as new, to sue for and get heavy damages in court for defamation of character; but the fellow who stole four dollars would have to wait twelve years to get a chance at us, and then if he went into court would get the grand laugh, and might consider himself lucky if he were not literally kicked out. Here's tweedledum and tweedledee with a difference beyond all precedent indeed.

THE religious maniacs of this country are beginning to cut it pretty fat. They'll be hanging and burning all dissenters from their views of holiness pretty soon. Even in the New York legislature there was a bigot who dared propose a special law prescribing the religious limits of dramatic literature. In the Pennsylvania senate, on April 11, Senator Nelson, a Methodist exhorter, presented a bill forbidding any attempt to personate or represent any being recognized as a divinity in the old or new testament, with a penalty of \$1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment. Very well! But how about the Buddhists' divinities, and the Chinese and the Jews, and the rest of them? Where do the religious rights of the rest of the world come in, Mr. Nelson?

Or was this country and its institutions simply designed for the Methodists? That seems to be about the size of it as things are going. The spirit of these hypocrites of the Nelson order is apparent in the way they view the POLICE GAZETTE. They would gag us if they dared, and annihilate us if they could. And why? Because, they say, we injure the cause of religion by our outspoken methods. And how do we do this? By lying and inventing evil things of the cloth? Not at all; by simply reporting, under a proper head, the news of the evil the parsons and the churchmen do throughout the country. It is the truth they reprehend. It is ignorance they invoke. A journal of light and intelligence like the POLICE GAZETTE must be unpleasant to bigots and sneaks who wish to work in the dark.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,
Culled from Many Sources.

OUT on a fly by this time—Trout.

SPRING has come. Maple syrup has scum also.

DOLLARS and sense are often strangers to each other.

ONE of the best living sculptors cannot carve a turkey.

WHAT'S in a name? Well, if it's a Russian name, the alphabet.

Some of the Illinois militia: "Rye-full men, rye-full men, rye-full men; form!"

DOLLARS and sense do not always travel together, which may be the reason editors are not generally rich.

CONSIDERING how full of change the world is it is surprising how little finds its way to the contribution plate.

"DON'T put in no musketeer nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."

ANANIAS has a very bad reputation, but it can be said to his credit that he never wrote a circus circular.

IN view of the fact that Solomon had 700 wives, the minister of the church which he attended must have had a sort of picnic.

AN Arkansas editor says that the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear & tear on his false teeth.

A TENNESSEE schoolmaster kissed the girls as a punishment, and before the term was out he had women of 45 joining the school.

A FOUR-LEGGED boy baby has been born in that land of wonderful events, Georgia. He will be a lightning double clog performer if he lives.

IT is said that when a Mexican wants to go a mile he will walk three miles and catch a mustang and saddle it, so as to ride to his destination.

"VON tollars more a parrel for peer! Mine cracious, Yawcob, ve must draw quicker, already: Give 'em more bubbles as you can, Yawcob.

TALK about your hop-producing regions! Your old-fashioned armchair with the bent-pit attachment holds over everything of that quality.

"OH, pa," said a young lady, "why don't you get fir trees? It would be economical to raise our own firs, and then we could raise whatever kind we wish."

"No, my son, those young gentlemen whom you see going out between the acts, are not what are commonly known as maslers. They are only sour-mashers."

JACK (admiringly)—"You are a trump, Marian!" Miss M.—"Why do you call me such a name as that?" Jack (triumphantly)—"Because of your taking tricks."

"YOU'RE getting quite bald, old man; you try rum," "Run! So I have. I've bought gallons of it." "Ah, I see; but then, p'raps you could never get it higher than your mouth."

AN excusable pun: "I guess that girl must be the 'out of the family,'" remarked the young man who had been walzing with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.

A SOUTH CAROLINA baby has four arms. If it is a male infant and live to become a man he'll be apt to take to slinging beer for a living. Either at that or hugging the girls four arms are very useful.

WE believe in morality, but when a man becomes so violently opposed to gambling that he won't shake with the ague we feel like writing him down a fanatic and turning our attention to other affairs.

A GOOD subject for lynching is a Cleveland doctor, who has written an article to prove that the flute, flute, cornet, and other wind instruments, if played with vigor and resolution, were the best cure for weak lungs.

"YES," said the deacon, "the organist certainly did play opera bouffe airs and the can can in his voluntary yesterday. But, dear me, I can't kick up a row about it without giving myself away by showing that I recognized the music."

A PARTY of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

THE belief that the people of Pompeii cultivated watermelons is strengthened by the discovery in the course of recent excavations there, of the remains of a man with his hands clasped across his stomach. There was nothing, however, to indicate that he was of African descent.

A BACHELOR and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria, the last time we met we were each 24 years old; now I am over 40, and I hear you haven't reached 30 yet." They never met again.

"PORTER," said a passenger from Albany on the New York Central railroad, as he stepped into his sleeping berth, "call me at Lyons, sure." "All right, sah." Late next morning he called him. "Only twenty minutes from Buffalo, sah" "Why didn't you call me at Lyons?" "Lyons! Fore goodness' sake, dat's it! You did say Lyons for suah, boss, an' I done tough ober de whole circus an' I hope to die if I could ketch onto any animal higher dan Buffalo! I'll remember de cage nex time, boss."

A YOUNG physician who had long worshiped at a distance was one day suddenly called to attend her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her, nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively: "Well, I should—prescribe—I should prescribe that—you—get—married." "Oh, goodness!" said the interesting invalid, "who would marry me, I wonder?" "I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six-foot pickeler. "You!" exclaimed the maiden. "Yes." "Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you can go away and let me die in peace."

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Series of Low and Dirty Managerial Tricks Exposed.

How the Press is Fooled and Utilized in Running the Silly Women of the Stage.

THEY'RE full of that dramatic festival in Cincinnati still. See what wry faces they will make though, after they have seen that acidulated person, Mr. Barrett, play *Romeo* and Nat Goodwin tackle the clowns of the divine William. Good gosh! Won't those things be paralyzers!

JOHN McCULLOUGH has given up the high aspirations on which he lost money during the greater part of this season, and is now roaring tragedy for east side mobs, instead of appealing to the alleged brains and taste of the *dilettante*. He's got his level at last, this "genial John." The mantle of Forrest was much too heavy and voluminous for him—he used to get ridiculously tangled and tripped up by it. He's the legitimate successor of Eddy, and has only just learned it. He can wear the Bowery tragedian's tragic robes to the queen's taste. That's his best hold now, and he is taking advantage of it.

THE shocking news is conveyed to the public that on the close of this season Lotta will retire from the stage for two years, occupying the time in perfecting her education in France. Well! This is startling. The old lady is worth \$1,000,000, but she isn't satisfied yet. She wants to begin her youthful frolics where most people leave off. She has the money to keep her in the "perch" as an eighteen-year-old for all time, Chronos, common sense and the public to the contrary notwithstanding. She's stocked the cards that she may gambol on the stage, and you just bet she'll gamboil on it.

THE Rice "Evangeline" party is going to England to play next season. Nellie Larkell is to be the star, and the rest of the party is to be of the same style so familiar to our theatregoers. With Rice and Abbey let loose on the British public, Ireland cannot say she is unavenged. Dynamite sinks into insignificance beside the dramatic terrors of Rice and Abbey. They are enough in themselves to avenge the wrongs of ages. But if the English premier objects to the manufacture of Irish dynamite in this country, what will he say to the manufacture and exportation of such terrible American actors as Rice and Abbey deal in? Lord! What a diplomatic kick there'll be!

YARDSTICK ABBEY will be deep in opera in September. About the middle of that month the monopolists millionaires, led by Vanderbilt, will open their new Metropolitan opera house. This, beyond a doubt, will be the handsomest and largest building of the kind in the new world, and will rank only third among the magnificent opera houses of the world. The opening opera will be Gounod's "Faust," with Campanini, Nilsson and Scalchi in the cast. The success may be great, but Abbey is sure to find himself in a hole in any event, for the competition for artistes has been so great that they will take all the money that comes in, and make the manager mortgage his lucky star for his rent. A fine prospect this, truly. No wonder Abbey grows thin!

IT is not often we say anything pleasant about the profession, for the reason that we don't find anything pleasant in it. We must remark, however, that the announcement that George Edgar is going regularly into the profession for a two years' tour in Shakespearean roles, is a most promising prospect for the drama. Besides being a remarkably clever scholar and actor, Mr. Edgar is a gentleman in the strict American sense of the word, and he will dignify his surroundings. We saw him play *Lear* some two or three years ago, with a vigor and intelligence that no other living actor gives it. Before that time we thought we could never tolerate any one in the part except Forrest; but Edgar won his way fairly into our books. Edgar will do better than win success—he will deserve it, even if the public give him the cold shoulder which it is to be hoped it will not.

AS we predicted, comic opera has gone to the dogs. There has been a pretty general abandonment of it all along the line, and next season there will be but one or two companies of this style traveling. Even they, we'll bet, will walk home. McCaul sticks to it still at the New York Casino, but that is because he doesn't know what else to do. He is bound to lose all the money he invests in the attempt to make the old thing work, though. It is dead and ought to be buried. It will require a few weeks to convince McCaul of this fact, but it is bound to come, and then the last prop will be knocked from under the old cadaver that has spread such moral infection, and it will sink into its grave of infamy. Truth to tell, New York may consider herself lucky to get rid of this monster without seeing more of her young men ruined than have already fallen victims to the dread creature.

IT is wonderful how the people who pay their money will put up with the broken English drama. There's that Modjeska humbug. She has finished off a rousing engagement in New York within a fortnight and made money right along, although complaints were general that one-half she said was unintelligible. When she was too ill to play one night the manager couldn't give us anything in the pure vernacular, but must hunt high and low for Eugenie Legrand, whose English is almost as ragged as that of the countess. Isn't it awful? We wonder what would be the effect in Paris if an American actress were to go on the stage and mangle French as the countess and Eugenie do English? It is our opinion the polite Gaul would decide that sort of French was rather of the order of American "gall," instead of being Gallic at all. But the Gallic translated into English, it seems, leaves nothing but the gall.

MRS. HARRISON'S "gall" is the boss. This society dame had the superlative cheek to hold a levee in a private box at the Madison square theatre while they were playing her putative play, "A Russian Honeymoon," although it was in every line and situation a dead give away. It was the story of *Katharine and Petruchio* put together after the tricks of dramatic carpentry employed by Tobin & Scribe. Not a point in it is original. There is only a change of scene to Russia with a lot of blatherskite sentiment and fine writing gush in it. The cool assurance of this woman brazening it out as the authoress takes our breath away. There used to be some honor attainable

by breeding and training a Pegasus to carry one on airy flights of authorship; but now any one who has money and society influence, can ride any old hobby of a Rosinante to the loftiest heights of Olympus. The jig is up. There's no use in hunting, with toilsome care, for genuine diamonds when the bogus gems are so easily made, and are set with so little cavil or trouble in the diadem of Fame.

THE press toadies of Catharine Lewis are ringing the changes on the humiliation of her husband, whom she is said to have fired out of the partnership. The papers are dwelling now on the repentant moods of the wretched husband, and are at some pains to describe how he has promised to reform if she will only take him back. Really, these theatrical husbands must be made of different stuff from that of other men. Imagine a fellow who depends for years, for his living, on the earnings of his wife, and who, when she grows weary of supporting him, crawls and whines to be reinstated in the same easy but not honorable berth! Thunderation! There must be something wrong with the cerebral equipments of this class of men! Catharine, it is said by the best posted newspaper writers, who have apparently been taken into her confidence, intends to take hubby back after he has been held off a sufficient time to make him hungry and give him a lesson. And this topic is glibly treated in the public press, pro and con, the husband accepting the castigation as a matter of course. It's a puzzle all around, and no mistake.

OH, MY! It's too bad. Wright Sandford, that saffron Beau Brummell of the Black Crook times, has withdrawn all the club men's patronage from Harrigan & Hart's theatre, because Ned put two "dudes" on the stage in his new play. "Dudes," you know are the exaggerated form of English costumed, English aired and English refined society Idiots who, with arms akimbo and daintily effeminate walk, begin to flood our thoroughfares. Sandford and his set, they say, took Harrigan's "dudes" as personal, and withdrew the high influence and countenance of the New York club men from the theatre. Faugh! The airs of them! Who are these people, beginning with Sandford? How much better are they than the mass of the population who work for their living? Do these people who, never earned a dollar in their lives, set up to dictate the amusements of the people who work and want to enjoy their earnings? Sit on the snobs, Ned. And if the "dude's" shoe you have cobbled fits Sandford or any of his gang, let them wear it, though they howl. It is the public controls your destinies and controls your receipts—not the dude club men—and don't you forget it.

THE actors' fund benefits were failures in New York. The Palmer, Gilmore & Miner close corporation will not be able, therefore, to build quite so magnificent a palace as they had planned. Small as the returns were from the theatres all over the country, there was considerable leakage. Numerous favored parties sold tickets and made no returns, and no one has the power to make them show up. No exact statement will be made of the gross money accumulated, and the largest license is afforded for these little swindles. There are hangers on of the theatres who take this yearly sale of tickets and appropriation of funds as a perquisite by right. Among these are the police of the cities where benefits are given throughout the country. The "cops" rarely return money for half the tickets they sell, and no one has authority or the disposition to make them give up—the peers have so many ways of making it unpleasant for theatrical managers, you know. Isn't this a pleasant reflection for the poor actors who had to play for no pay, and the poor public, who were taken by the throat and made to buy tickets whether they could afford the purchase or not?

ACTORS' sons don't amount to anything in the drama. They are all going into it though, out of pure laziness. They haven't the resolution to work themselves up in commercial business, and after brief trials with the cold world return to their daddies, and are thrust on the stage in minor positions. All the star actors and many of the actresses have their sons on the boards, but none of them amount to anything, nor ever can. The only son of an actor who has attained worthy celebrity is Edwin Booth. He did it by his own talent, however, and by hard work against a thousand obstacles. He is an actor who does not rely on his father's fame, nor on a single feature or tradition that was his father's. Actors are not born ready made, and he is a proof of it. He has made himself. But it must be remembered he had some material to work on in licking himself into dramatic shape. The other actors' sons we see fired on the boards in responsible business nowadays, without any preliminary apprenticeship, have no material. Having no clay to make a statue of, they expect us of the public to strain our brain faculties by imagining a lovely and symmetrical statue—which effort we decline to make; and the public is with us every time.

THE rows of the variety people behind the scenes have lately been more amusing than their acts on the stage. Harry Montague, the motto singer, in his tour of the far southwest, had several little points of pugilistic by-play that made a decided sensation. In Albuquerque, N. M., he enlivened a performance at Boyd & Wade's opera house by a wrangle and a fight with the managers over the exigencies of the dramatic scene. His principal antagonist in the battle was a variety chap named Harry Leavitt, who, having cultivated the press, knocked Montague out in print by, as he alleges, distorting the accounts of the stage fracas. He therefore resorts by capturing the press of Tombstone, Arizona, his next stand, and laying cut Leavitt and his combination critically as the very worst of hamfathers and snides. There is therefore a war imminent between the press of New Mexico and Arizona over the respective demerits of the rival Harrises—Montague and Leavitt—and between the two the wretched public is likely to be harried indeed to the point of desperation. At last accounts Montague had got the bulge, and was sweeping over Arizona like a whirlwind with the "Biliee Taylor" opera as his *piece de resistance*, while Leavitt languished in the one-night stands of New Mexico, with the cowboys of the front rows suggestively toying with their revolvers. Who can wonder that the people of New Mexico and Arizona develop such pure cussedness? Haven't they

IT is gravely announced about the square that Mr. Harry Pitt's object in tackling a season of comedy at the Bijou theatre is to show us how a first-class, intellectual London theatre is run! Oh my! Is that so? And moreover, he wants to show us, he says, how Robertson intended his plays should be cast and acted. Pitt thinks he ought to know because he had experience with Robertson in London. Of course

the American public is dying with anxiety to learn what Robertson intended. He was such a great author that the fact that he has been dead some years doesn't at all interfere with the freshness and importance of his ideas on the drama and the stage generally. Of course all refined people are anxious to know how they do these things in English theatres; and such people as may not be anxious at all on this point, of course, are not refined. We fear Mr. Pitt is going to find the American people, in a great majority, unrefined. They don't care a cuss for the English theatres or how they are managed. And as for Robertson and his played out plays, which never amounted to much, anyway, they are not dying to have them interpreted, and wouldn't care if they never heard of them again. These attempts to reform the American theatre on the English basis are too premature. We are not all dukes in this country just yet, Mr. Pitt. Wait until the majority have been refined to that point before you show your hand on the English dramatic question, or you're going to get left from the very start.

At the Casino the other evening they played a French opera new to this country, entitled "Le Grand Casimir," and it gave us the chance of probing some of the pretences of alleged first society people and moralists who decry the POLICE GAZETTE—fellows of the Mayor Edson and Beigh order and their following, male and female. Most of these people boast of having been to "Yurrup," and claim a thorough knowledge of French, of course. Yet they sat through the last act, and laughed with the French part of the audience at Theo's broadest *double entendres* without blushing. The dialogue of this act turned into rude English would be simply beastly, and yet they found it chic. For instance, it concerns the troubles of Casimir, who separated from his wife, and afraid, for legal reasons, to acknowledge that he has been married, is forced to wed a young Corsican girl. His wife arrives in the same hotel, and, in her turn, dare not acknowledge him, but proposes a midnight meeting in her room. The fun consists in the bridegroom refusing to go to bed. First he discovers that the bridal chamber is beside his wife's room, next it is just above, then just below, and he wanders across the stage at intervals, carrying a candle, a pillow, and bedroom utensils, followed by the innocent and bewildered bride, who cannot understand the bridegroom's excuses and delays. The remarks made thereon by her, her father and family and the bridegroom himself, are peculiarly spicy and high-flavored, and yet all these people who pretend to understand French laughed with the rest, and wagged their heads knowingly. What a set of frauds! Their erudition, their morality and their religion are all of a piece. By the way, we wonder if Comstock understands French as well when it is spoken as when it is printed, either in type or pictorial form? If so, why and wherefore is there such a difference between things verbal and things typographic? Ah-ha! We have you there, old Truepenny!

THE Kiralfys are really going to build a theatre in New York on Fourth avenue, near 17th street. We thought their disastrous experience in building theatres in Philadelphia had settled that mania with them, but it seems they are determined to tempt the fates still farther. The fact is, that although these brothers have accumulated much more wealth than the world credits them with, they are greedy for more. They want to grab the share of the manager of the theatre. They get in New York 60 per cent. of the gross receipts for furnishing the entire expensive show, while the janitor (except by a broad misnomer, a manager) scoops in the other 40. As they control the entire field of spectacular drama in this country, and have contracts with the Paris managers for all their old costumes, scenery and properties, no one can rival them with any hope of success. All over the country they demand and get from managers their own terms—80 per cent.—except in New York. Here there are only two available theatres large enough to take in their grand shows—the Grand opera house and Niblos—and at neither of these will the managers give them more than 60 per cent. Rather than accept this again the brothers have taken their last whack at New York this season in that little bandbox, Haverly's 14th street theatre, although, in order to set "Around the World" on its contracted stage they have had to cut and carve their expensive scenery in ruinous style. In order that the metropolis may be taken into their spectacular circuit in future seasons, therefore, the Kiralfys have decided to build a theatre of their own, taking in no capitalist as a partner this time, and, therefore, seeing their way clearer to profit than they did in their unfortunate Philadelphia undertaking during the centennial year, when they were all broke up. Another idea they have is as original as it is daring, if not positively "cheeky." This is to take over their version of "Around the World" to England this fall, and play it in London and through the British provinces. Isn't this taking coals to Newcastle? They'll do it though, and we shouldn't wonder if they were to make a success of it, for they have accomplished things almost as wonderful on this side of the water. It's only ten years ago they and their three sisters were doing a Hungarian high kicking act in the ballet of the "Humpty Dumpty" pantomime at the Olympic Theatre in New York. Who would have imagined then that they would be in a few years supplant Jarrett & Palmer as the managers of grand spectacle in this country? Nothing they do can surprise us after that achievement has gone on the record.

THE manager of the period is nothing if not a sneak. He is often so delicate that he refrains from complaining to the small-salaried female members of his company, but manages to convey his hints through the critical columns of the newspapers. Since he controls all the critics he can easily accomplish this. He doesn't like to say to the young actress he pays only \$30 a week, that she must get from somewhere or by some means a couple of new dresses at an expense of \$300, because those she wears have become a little shabby. If he do that, she will talk about it and quote his words in public places, and they may creep into print—say in the POLICE GAZETTE—with remarks uncompromising to him. He gets his friends, the dramatic critics, to say what he thinks on the subject, and then goes for the poor girl on the ground that the press and the public are complaining. He wouldn't make any trouble, you know—not for the world. He admires her much, sympathizes with her, has no fault to find with her talent, but art is arbitrary and the public is cruel. It demands sacrifices all around. It makes him sacrifice his feelings, and she can't hope to escape—she must make a sacrifice too to get the new dresses. Bewildered, she asks what she shall do. He shrugs his shoulders and walks away. But the rich, lecherous banger on of the manager's office, or lounger at the

back door is promptly at hand to invite the poor victim to supper, and ends by carrying her off in grand state in his private coach. In a day or two the \$30 a week actress is togged out in \$600 worth of new dresses, and the manager slyly suggests to his boon companions, the critics, that her wardrobe is worth a mention. The papers then unite in praising the young woman for her tasteful costume, with a side allusion to the fact that she plays her small part very intelligently. What chance has a young woman on the stage against such knavery as this? And the press played for a sucker, too, to aid in the knavery. We say played for a sucker, because we do not believe the writers for the press are sufficiently debased to go into any such plot with their eyes open. Their weakness is *bonhomie*—they cannot say no to a request of apparently such trifling import, and they therefore fall into the managerial trap. We saw this old game worked right under our eyes in the lobby of a New York theatre three weeks ago, and being acquainted with some of the press men who were victimized, we are confident they had no knowledge of the true inwardness of the plot, which in this instance, again, was fully worked out to the usual climax. Between the acts a peculiarly oily and plausible "press manager," employed by a traveling manager for his known ability to get free advertising through the papers, approached a critic, and the following colloquy ensued: "Ah, my dear boy, what do you think of the show? Grand, isn't she?" alluding to the star. "Yes, but the scenery and accessories are a little off," remarked the critic. "You'll not mention that, there's a good fellow. We've been traveling over rough country and things have worn a little rusty," smiled the "manager." "Oh, of course I sympathize with the manager and know he has many troubles and expenses," said the critic, meekly. "Just so. And you don't know what trouble and loss he endures with his company. There's that Miss —; did you ever see such a dowdy rig? That's just the way she has gone all the season. We can't do anything with her. She will not dress in even good taste. I wish you would touch her up in the paper. It's an insult to the public the way she goes on the stage." The foolish critic assented, and the next Sunday all the New York papers came out with slurs at the dressing of the parts of the female members of the company. When these paragraphs appeared, several dandy loungers of the greenroom and stage doors flung up their hats, figuratively, and felt that the object of their long campaign was nearly attained. Isn't this beastly, now? We ask the public. Do you think the young women who were plotted against had fair play in this respect? And this style of thing is going right along, and the managers who are working up the dirty dodge hold their heads high, wear diamonds, pose on the square, proclaim the honor of the "perfessor" and descant on the wickedness of the POLICE GAZETTE in declaring the stage and its managers foul beyond belief.

*** RAILROAD HUSTLERS.

A New and Daring Dodge of Petty Thieves on the Cars.

Railroad sneak thieves have taken to new tactics. They boldly hustle the passengers in the car aisles, while their light fingered pals rob them of their valuables. A wandering correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE gives the following details of this method from events that came under his personal observation: "Recently I witnessed two bold railroad robberies at Lima, Allen county, Ohio—one on the P. H. W. & C., in which three fellows came into the car at midnight and surrounded an old man in the aisle of the car and got away with his pocketbook, while pretending to be looking for their gripsacks. They were not arrested, as there were no police near and the train moved on soon afterward.

"On my return to Lima I started for the south at 1:35 a. m. on the D. & M. R. R., and while the train stopped 20 minutes, and all the railroad employees were in for a lunch, I witnessed a bolder outrage. Three men entered the car and pounced upon a man who was seated by the side of his wife and three children, and, in spite of his loud exclamations, kicking, biting, and scratching, they carried him right through the car, and while doing so, took his pocketbook, containing \$78 and two tickets for Dayton. The man escaped uninjured, but was compelled to return home for lack of means to pay his fare. No police put in appearance." Doesn't this call for an explanation from some one? Or is it nobody's business?

*** MORE FUN FOR THE FAKES.

Bonnie Runnels Has a Set-to in a Hotel and is Knocked Out by Mrs. R.

Among the other items of dramatic by-play, comes the intelligence of a lively little set-to, at Pittsburg, Pa., on April 6, between the variety performer Bonnie Runnels and his wife, in which victory perched on the Amazonian banner. Bonnie was knocked out, and when revived was found so scarred and broken up generally that he couldn't appear to do his turn before the audience. The affair occurred in the St. Clair hotel.

Runnels' wife, who is a very handsome woman, is alleged to be of a jealous disposition, and thought it was necessary to take her husband to task for what she imagined to be too great familiarity with some person else. Mrs. Runnels also seemed to be considerably the worse for wear, various scratches appearing on her face. During the 7th ult., as the story goes, the entertainment was continued, but ended rather abruptly by Runnels jumping out of a second story window to escape harm from a knife or pistol in the hands of his spouse. Bonnie is known all over the country. His wife was formerly the wife of Kinsella, the opera singer. She appeared several times as a member of Rice's Surprise Party, but has not been on the stage lately.

*** RECORDS OF BAD MEN.

ESRA CARVILLE, a wealthy man living three miles from Lewiston, Me., was called to his door on the night of March 30 by a stranger, on the pretence of wanting help to fix a broken sleigh. Mr. Carville quietly put a cocked revolver into his pocket and followed the man, who suddenly turned and presented a pistol and demanded Carville's surrender. Mr. Carville immediately fired at the man's breast, when the stranger doubled himself up and groaned, and then scrambled into a sleigh and drove rapidly toward the city, since which time he has not been seen. Mr. Carville is heir in an important contested will case, and it is believed that his murder or abduction was the object in view. The man dropped a hammer from beneath his coat while making his escape from Carville.

Prof. D. L. Dowd.

In this issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* we publish a portrait of Prof. D. L. Dowd, the American Sampson. He was born at Nelson Flats, N. Y., is 28 years of age, stands 5 ft 8 in in height, and in condition weighs 153 lbs. He resides at Springfield, Mass., where he recently had the management of a gymnasium.

He has made the greatest hand lifts on record. At Springfield, Mass., on Jan. 6, 1880, Dowd surprised the athletic world by lifting 1,317 lbs, a very remarkable feat. In March, 1880, he eclipsed this wonderful feat by lifting 1,332½ lbs. He accomplished this feat with his hands alone, but it was not put on record simply from the fact that his previous great feat had wiped all such performances from the record. Up to the time Dowd lifted 1,317 lbs, Richard Pennell of New York had made the best record, having in public, at the Academy of Music in New York, Nov. 8, 1873, lifted 1,210. Dowd has lifted 1,400 quite a number of times at his gymnasium in Springfield, Mass. He is a remarkably temperate man in his habits; he believes that the use of tobacco,

In July, 1876, on the Potomac, at Georgetown, D. C., he covered 25 miles in 24 hours on the bed of the river, under 60 feet of water. He accomplished the same feat 10 days later, in 15 hours, for a wager of \$200. Russell is willing to arrange a match with any diver in the world, to walk from five to 25 miles under water. The feats he has already accomplished are unprecedented.

A Bloody Vendetta.

The spirit of pugnacity is running to excess all over the country, and the thirst for blood seems to have become so great that nothing but a good-sized war, with glory and gore in the usual parts, will cool off the fever and settle things back in their old, normal condition. We expect to hear of duels and pistol matinees, and bloody combats of all sorts on the wild border lands of civilization; but when it comes to a duel with knives—a regular hand-to-hand fight—in Mulberry street in New York, then the march of civilization seems to have become a countermarch in double-quick time. On the

**PROF. D. L. DOWD,**

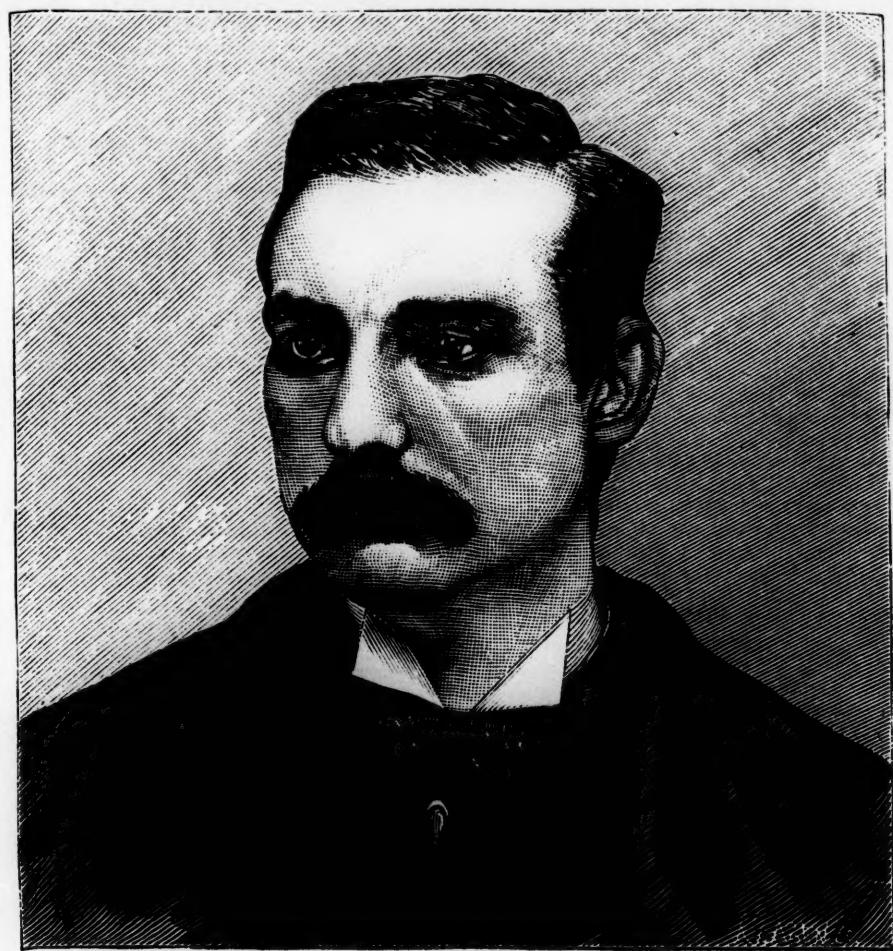
THE AMERICAN SAMPSON AND CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT LIFTER.

[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]

Liquors and excesses of all kinds weaken the muscular powers, and he is a total abstainer from everything of the kind. He says that no drink, save water, not even tea and coffee, has passed his lips for eight years, and although a cigarmaker by trade, he has never smoked nor used tobacco in any form, and he may be classed as the strongest man in the world.

The Champion Diver.

Robert Russell, whose portrait we give in this issue, has made himself famous by his pedestrian feats under water, encumbered with a diver's suit. He is 22 years of age, and was born in Sing Sing, N. Y. He stands 5 ft 9 in and weighs 158 lbs. From the age of 10 years he has followed the diving business and accomplished some remarkable feats. His first was an attempt to walk a mile under water at Bridgeport, Conn., in 30 minutes, for a wager. When he had gone half the distance he got stuck in the mud, and was saved from smothering by the skill and judgment of his "tender." On the Raritan river, at Perth Amboy, he walked three miles under the water in three hours, winning a wager of \$100.

**ROBERT S. RUSSELL,**

THE CHAMPION DIVER, WHO PERFORMS WONDERFUL FEATS UNDER WATER.

did not seem to be much hurt, and there was little external bleeding, but he had five knife wounds in the back and breast. He soon became unconscious, and the physicians said he could not live.

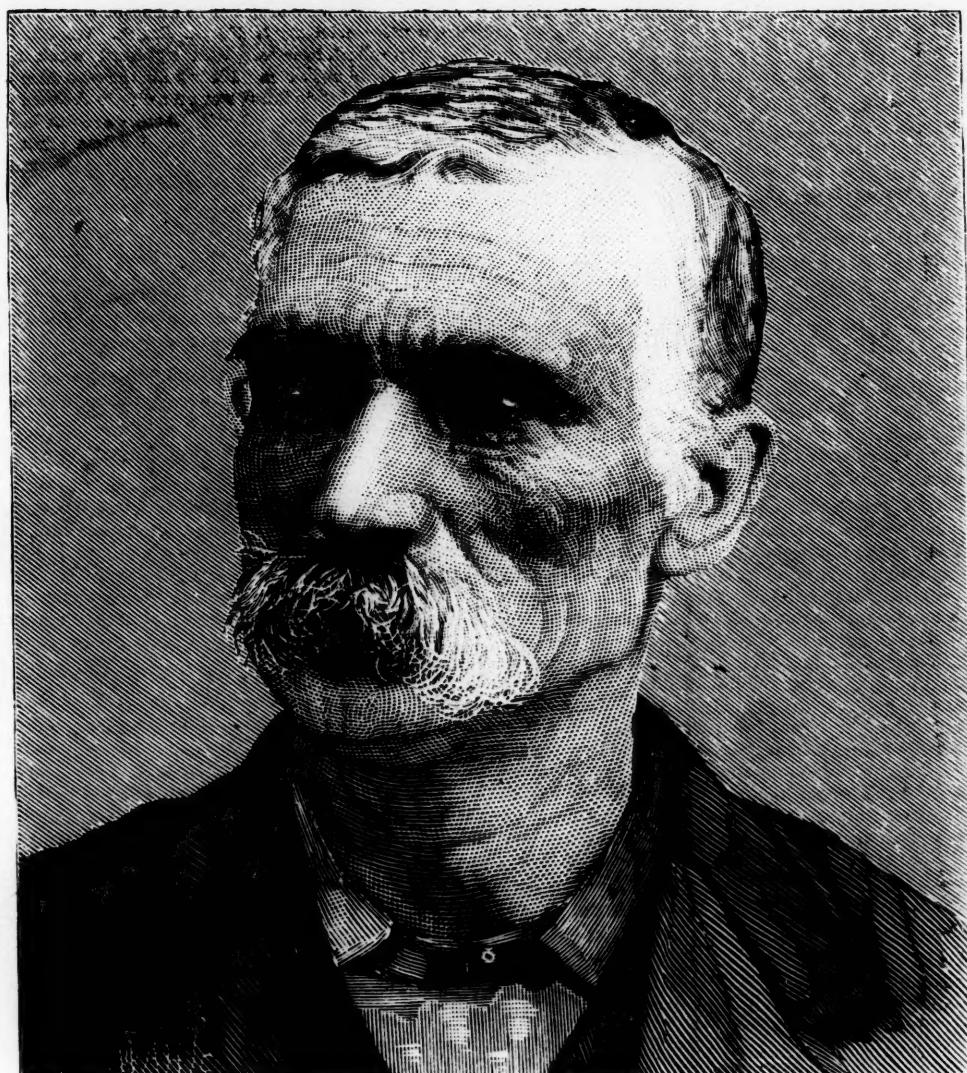
Mr. Barnes resides at West Union, Iowa, where he is held in high esteem. He is a cool, reliable driver, one of the best in the business. He has now some good horses in training that will be started in the spring meetings of 1883.

Hunting Barnes.

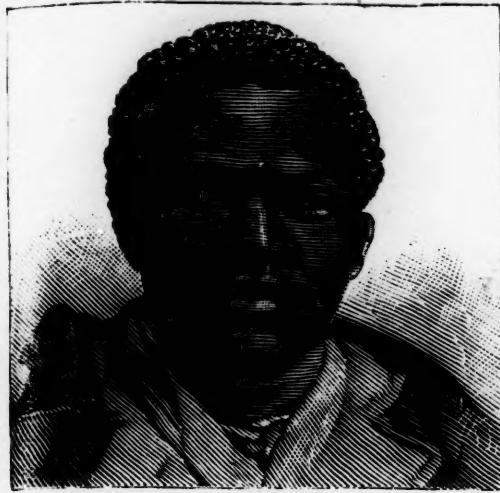
The subject of our sketch is one of the oldest drivers in the northwest. He has handled numberless trotters, some of them very fast, others of only medium speed; but the majority of them were winners in their respective classes. The celebrated mare, Mountain Quail, was developed by this gentleman, and she won many good races driven by him, getting a record of 2:28. He made the little horse ridden Treasure a first-class campaigner, and gave him a mark of 2:32—and several trials below 2:30. To Billy McNeil he gave 2:32½. Beside these he drove a number of horses of local reputation. Last July, with Fred Douglass, he won the 2:25 steeple class at Chicago in straight heats, the first being in 2:20½. He sent the horse a mile a few days before the race in 2:18. With Mountain Girl he won some hard fought contests through the western circuit last fall, giving her 2:30.

A Boston Street Car Incident.

The rule forbidding the stopping of street cars on Tremont street, Boston, between Boylston and Bromfield, at places other than street corners, gave rise to an amusing incident a day or two since. It was on a Highland car, which had but two occupants, one of whom was a young lady who was desirous of stopping at Mason street. As the car approached the corner she turned to signal the conductor, but that employee was in the act of kissing his hand to a young woman on the walk, and, before his attention could be attracted, the car had passed the stopping place, and the young lady sank resignedly into her seat and rode to West street. There the conductor rung to stop and the pretty, but rather indignant, passenger, stepped to the platform and, with a slight sparkle in her eye, said: "I am unselfish enough to walk a mile if you could give her a genuine kiss, but this is a little too much."

**HUNTING BARNES,**

CELEBRATED TURFMAN OF WEST UNION, IOWA, AND DRIVER OF FAST TROTTERS.



HENRY WILLIAMS,

THE BRUTAL COLORED RAPIST OF JOHNSTON, R. I.

An Indignant Fairy Queen.

A gay young Lothario of St. Joseph, Mo., lately got himself into hot water by emulating the example of Freddy Gebhardt. A "Black Crook" company were visiting the city, and the young man in question became so enamored of the *Stalacta* of the troupe, that he followed her continually, much to her annoyance. He and a



AN INDIGNANT FAIRY QUEEN.

HOW A ST. JOSEPH, MO., YOUNG MAN WAS EJECTED FROM STALACTA'S ENCHANTED BOWER.



DAVID C. BLISS,

THE SAFE ROBBER, WHO GOT AWAY WITH A NEW YORK PUBLISHER'S \$35,000.

chum finally took rooms at the St. James hotel, where the actress and another lady of the troupe were staying. All efforts, however, to make this close association lead to a better acquaintance failed. Learning that the actresses had lunch served to them in their room upon their return from the theatre, he bribed one of the chambermaids who usually waited upon them to allow him to be the bearer of the viands. Getting himself up in female attire, he carried up the waiter and timidly knocked at the door, while his friend waited in the hall for developments. He was allowed to enter the room, and

got a brief view of the charmers unrobing. But it did not take the keen-eyed *Stalacta* long to penetrate the thin disguise, and that young man was fired in double-quick order, and he and his friend beat a hasty retreat.

A Masher Mashed.

The life of a masher is not always a happy one. Big brothers are sometimes very annoying to him, and jealous husbands occasionally indulge in a little muscular exercise with him, according to POLICE GAZETTE rules. But the latest

case of his tribulations that has come under our notice is where the victims of his smirks and smiles took the matter into their own hands and administered a just rebuke for ungentlemanly impudence. It was a party of lively ballet girls of Kiralfy's troupe, now playing at Haverly's 14th street theatre. They had been annoyed by the too-marked attention of one of the genus "dude," while coming from rehearsal. One day last week they seized him near the stage door, and throwing him over an ash barrel, almost spoiled his new pants, and made him smart for awhile.



A MASHER MASHED.

A PARTY OF KIRALFY'S BALLET GIRLS SALT DOWN A TOO FRESH YOUNG MAN.

THE
FEMALE SPORTS
OF
NEW YORK.
BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCESS BUTTERFLY.

I wrote of a male butterfly and his mashes in my last chapter. This one has to deal with a female one and her conquests.

Her real name, or rather the name she first appeared under here, was the vulgar one of Schneider. In those days she was a singer in a Bowery concert hall. It was mysteriously hinted by her manager that she had crossed the Atlantic to escape the results of a liaison with some king or other abroad; but those who claimed to know said she had crossed no element wider than a gutter, and that she belonged not in Berlin, but in Avenue B.

However that may have been, she was certainly a beauty, and destined from the first to higher favor than her conquests.

Before very long she became a great popular favorite on the East side, under the title of Blonde Lori. Within a year after her debut, which event occurred in 1878, she had been translated from the Bowery to a big uptown concert hall, and had started a flat on Sixth avenue.

Her heaviest conquests were among our Teutonic sports, but she took a flyer in American fast circles, too. It did not matter much to her what a man's nationality was, as long as his bank account was solid.

Among our German fellow citizens is a banker well known for his exploits after dark in fields widely dissimilar to the rigid ones of business. He is one of the boys, and isn't ashamed to have it known. The fact that he is a member of the race to which Moses belonged will be sufficient to stamp him a sport of the first water in his way. He loved wine, women and song, and indulged his weakness at every opportunity.

This gentleman was a substantial admirer of Blonde Lori. He set her up in her flat and backed her in all her preliminary extravagances, until, one day, he invited her to a private interview.

"You are a nice girl, Lori," he began.

"Thank you," she replied.

"A very nice girl."

"Thank you again."

"But —"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid you're too nice for me."

"You are too modest."

"Not at all. It is a matter of business."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; pure and simple."

"But explain."

"I can do it in few words."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I intend to. I am broke."

"What nonsense."

"It is a fact, I assure you."

"But that don't need to interfere with our pleasant friendship."

"You say so now."

"And I mean it."

"But who is to pay the bills?"

Lori shrugged her round, white shoulders.

"The ravens fed Elijah," she said.

"But the age of miracles is past."

"That of fools is not."

"Still, let me finish. I can no longer back your little game, but —"

"But what?"

"I do not wish to leave you without a backer."

"You are very kind."

"So, with your permission, I will introduce one to you."

"All right."

"He is old."

"So much the better. He will be easier fooled."

"Besides, he has plenty of money."

"Bring him here to dinner."

"And I?"

"And you will still be welcome as ever."

He went away with Blonde Lori's kiss on his lips. That evening he introduced a swell old gentleman, who began to pay hot court to his hostess at once. He dined and wined like a regular frequenter of the house, and went away well content with his new acquaintance. As they departed, Lori halted her old lover in the hall.

"Well, how do you like him?" he asked.

"He is delightful."

"I thought you would find him so."

"But who is he?"

"You have been introduced."

"Nonsense; you can't fool me. Tell me who he is now."

"On the quiet, then."

"Honor bright."

He whispered something, and she burst into a fit of laughter.

"No!" she said, incredulously.

"Yea."

"But it is too rich."

"So is he."

"Well, he won't be by the time we get through with him."

"Jo," called a voice outside, "are you coming?"

Jo left. Lori banged the door, laughing.

"His father! Well, if it isn't too good, she said.

Mr. Isaacs (the name is as good as any other) was a banker and a speculator who had amassed his millions after the usual fashion of his race, that race for which the insidious tricherie spirals possess no terrors. He was said to be the original of the now famous story of the Israelite who, when he began to count his wealth by the million, and desired to embrace Christianity in order to establish himself upon an aristocratic social footing, was told by the honest priest to whom he applied for baptism:

"Do not have yourself converted, Mr. Isaacs. With that nose of yours it would be time and money thrown away."

This was the amiable protector Lori was introduced to by his son and heir in the latter part of the year 1880. For he was an amiable and liberal worshiper at her shrine. His generosity was unimpeachable; he was a gentleman in spite of his nose, and his devotion to the pretty soubrette was that of a true lover. Only one stain marred the perfection of his amatory characteristics.

He was insanely jealous.

"Young birds delight in outflying old ones," he was wont to say, "but if you outfit me it will be my fault."

Lori found it to her profit to accede to the exactions of her old lover's suspicious nature. She never went abroad save with her maid or him. She received no male visitors at the house he rented and furnished for her. Her relations in her profession were purely platonic ones, so she swore. But while the father was enjoying her favor the son was not left entirely out in the cold.

It was generally a cold day, indeed, when Young Isaacs was left, and this was not one of them.

In a very short time she found that it would not be so easy for her to continue her old connection as she had supposed. Old Isaacs kept a shrewd watch on his costly songbird. When he wasn't around one of the servants kept an eye open in his interest, and altogether the course of true love did not run anything like as smooth as it ought to suit the lovers.

However, Lori's invention was equal to the occasion, and her protector played right into her hands.

He desired her to abandon the vulgar concert stage for the aristocratic walks of opera, and had already made arrangements with an impresario who owed him money to give her an opening on his tuneful staff.

In order to be equal to the engagement, it was necessary for her to cultivate and refine her musical abilities. What was good enough for the beer hall was not nearly up to opera mark.

She finally professed herself willing to perfect her knowledge of the piano, and stated that she could effect arrangements with the pianist of the concert hall to impart the requisite knowledge to her. Mr. Isaacs could not entertain any idea of a rivalry between himself and such a shabby, snuffy and sauerkraut odorous old monster, and gave his consent to his protege's taking afternoon lessons from him.

Thenceforth young Isaacs was never to be found at the banking house of an afternoon, and a shabby man, with a big beard and green goggles, spent the time when the banker's son was not attending to business in the company of the banker's mistress.

As for the pianist of the concert hall, he got full of beer every afternoon in his own room, and when people asked him where his gold mine was, informed them that he had a wealthy private pupil.

Things went on in this way until, a couple of months later, Lori announced that her birthday was impending. Her archaic adorer celebrated that event by presenting her with a magnificent diamond bracelet. She was, in fact, commencing to tire of the empty love of the son.

"It is really loved me," she said to herself, "he would make me presents, too."

The result was that when the piano teacher laid his disguise aside one day, and opened his budget of no sweet things after the usual fashion, he found his blandishments quite coldly received.

"One would think you were tired of me," he said.

"Would one?"

"Yes! I suppose those jewels are commencing to dazzle you until you can no longer see my love with the eyes they blind."

"Perhaps if your love was as sincere as your father's, you would be able to blind my eyes to him," was the meaning response.

At this observation young Isaacs began to perform that mental operation vulgarly known as "dropping on himself."

"Oho!" he thought, "So you want to make a fool of the son as well as the father, do you? Wait, wait, then, and we shall see."

Then, assuming an expression of sarcastic humor, he said aloud:

"My darling, if I wished to dazzle your eyes, I would at least do it with real fire."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that you don't know my father yet."

"But why?"

"Because if you did you would not need me to tell you that those stones are false."

It took half an hour to restore Lori to consciousness. Then young Isaacs explained in plausible terms the fraudulent character of the ornaments she set such prize on.

"You question my love," he said. "Very well. I will show you still that I know how to repair the wrong my father has done you. Let me have the bracelet till to-morrow, and you shall have some stones in it about whose genuineness there will be no doubt."

A grateful look from Lori's tear-wet eyes was the reward of this noble exhibition of sentiment. Young Isaacs carried the bracelet to a jeweler that day and had the real stones replaced with false ones. When he returned it to his pupil her gratitude knew no words.

That evening when Mr. Isaacs, Sr., turned up, the reception accorded him would have given an iceberg the ague.

"Is my dove sick?" he queried.

"Yes, sick of you," the dove replied in a tone that would have done credit to a rattlesnake.

"Sick of me!" gasped the old man. "And why?"

By way of reply Lori shook the bracelet before his eyes.

"Do you see any alteration in this?" she asked.

Mr. Isaacs turned green and screamed:

"Gerechter Gott! What have you done to the diamonds?"

"I have had them changed."

"For false ones!"

"For true ones."

"But these are the meanest sort of paste. Where did you get them?"

"The pianist exchanged them for the others."

"The pianist! Then he is a thief—a swindler! Where can I find him?"

"At your house," replied Lori, scornfully.

She had not yet discovered that her wronged protector was in earnest.

"At my house! What do you mean?"

"That the pianist is your own son."

Isaacs, Sr., stood speechless. He endeavored to speak, but his voice refused its office. With a gesture of anger he bowed, and left the room.

Next day young Isaacs started on a trip around the world, and Lori presented her bracelet to her maid. She found a new protector, though by no means as generous a one as he whom she had deceived. She was ungrateful and foolish enough to tell the story of her duping and her being duped, till the *Bumblebee* put it into print and broke her well up. But she got over it, and the boys now call her "the Jew's terror," because she never loses an opportunity to revenge on that gay and generous race the falseness of young Isaacs and the desertion of Isaacs Sr.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NASTY DIVORCE CASE.

General Hal Young Floored Amid a Wreck of Female Reputations.

The sensational divorce suit between Mrs. Helen M. Young and Gen. Hal C. Young of Cincinnati finally came to an end on March 30, resulting in the complete triumph of the lady, who was granted a decree. The case was a remarkably rich one in points of scandal, the recital of spiritualistic seances, fortune tellers, tricks, woodooism, plots of female detectives and scandalous goings on of married and unmarried people. The action was first begun on November 16, 1880, by Mrs. Young, on the ground of desertion, and claiming alimony alone.

On May 20, 1882, she filed an amended petition asking for divorce as well as alimony, alleging wilful absence for three years, and adultery with Mrs. Henrietta Griswold on May 25, 1873, at an assignation house in Cincinnati; again on June 15, 1878, at Mrs. Griswold's rooms on Sixth street, Cincinnati, and on August 6, 1880, at her residence, 134 Smith street, and at other places at divers times. The husband answered, alleging frequent adultery on Mrs. Young's part, with one Frank Foster at the Young homestead, and at other places. He further charged her with visiting disreputable places, entertainments and queer restaurants at all hours of the night. It was also alleged that she attended spiritualistic seances with Foster, and on such occasions permitted him to take improper liberties with her. The evidence shows that since about the latter part of 1879 he ceased all cohabitation with the plaintiff, and since about April of that year to the present time he has lived in the house of Mrs. Griswold, their bed rooms adjoining, the Griswold family consisting of the husband wife and servants, no children; that he was given to convivial habits leading to excesses, associating chiefly with gentlemen not domestically inclined, but given generally to fast lives; that Lizzie Pettifore, a servant, had found him in the room of Mrs. Griswold at 10 o'clock in the morning, and in her front parlor.

A Mrs. Benson, according to her testimony, was a guest and assistant at the Griswold residence from April 17, 1879, to the middle of July, aiding in sewing and settling the house. There were four rooms in the second story—Mrs. Griswold's, the front room, and defendant's, the second. This servant swears positively that the first act occurred in the back parlor sometime after breakfast, about a week or so after moving to the house; that Mr. Griswold had gone to the office. The furniture is described therein. Mrs. Benson says there was a lounge in the back parlor: the servant says a sofa, and that they were upon it.

After the very fullest consideration of all the testimony, after vainly endeavoring to reconcile their conduct with innocence, the court declared itself well satisfied this servant had spoken the truth. The last two acts, according to the weight of the testimony, in the opinion of the court, occurred in 1880, about the time the house was purchased, and when Mr. Griswold was visiting in New York in 1880, it was that the defendant was seen going to this lady's bedroom so often in the night time.

The question of alimony was not disposed of. The court said he would leave that to be settled by counsel, if possible.

He suggested, however, that \$5,700 should be given Mrs. Young absolutely, with which to purchase a home, and such other sum as would be deemed equitable.

FATHER AND SON MURDERED.

A Deputy Sheriff Kills Two Men to Keep His Hand In.

The residents of Booneville, Ind., are discussing the propriety of hanging one of the city's officials. On the morning of March 29, at an early hour, Deputy Sheriff Williams, Jackson Wallace and his son Thomas, aged about 20 years, met in the Climax saloon. Some hot words passed

TWO WICKED WIVES.

Both Get Away with the Household Furniture and their Lovers.

One Caught and Murdered by Her Husband, the Other Treated Philosophically by Her Spouse.

The devil is in the women and no mistake. The single ones having had a long spell of exclusive sadness, though, the wives are now coming to the front and demonstrating that they are fully up with the times in respect to crooked capers. We have two startling cases in point, in which widely different courses were pursued by the furious husbands. We leave to our readers the decision which was the more just and proper course and climax.

A murder at Fresno, Cal., on Tuesday night, March 27, led to the exposure of a matrimonial skeleton of the following proportions and ghastliness: Fifteen months ago Dan Shay married at San Francisco, Mary Stanton, a handsome young woman. Possessed at this time of only \$40 and a horse and wagon, he started out as a peddler through the country, and worked so diligently that he made and saved money, and was soon enabled to establish his wife in a neat little cottage at 511 Eighth street, San Francisco.

He fitted it up handsomely and indulged his wife in every wish he consistently could, and, in short, was a model husband and apparently a reformed man. His wife was a strong Catholic, and as the marriage ceremony was originally performed by law, she desired that it be repeated by a priest according to the rites of the Catholic church. Shay consented, and Sunday evening, March 31, was the date fixed for the ceremony, the banns having been called the requisite three times on preceding Sundays.

Shay was seemingly as happy as he was industrious, and trusted his wife implicitly, his trips in the country sometimes occupying him four or five days and even a week, during which time he asked no account of her actions. The first cloud that obscured his sunshine rose on the horizon one evening about the last week in February, when he returned to the house from a brief trip and encountered John McElroy, an old lover of his wife, and Andrew Kerrigan, alias Andy Brown, an ex-convict, leaving the place together. He reproved the woman for receiving such company, and after receiving her defiant answer cautioned her against repeating the offense under penalty of causing trouble. The matter blew over, and on March 15 Dan left for Healdsburg with a load of oranges. At parting his wife was unusually affectionate, and clung to him and kissed him at the door as if loth to let him depart. The unconscious husband had barely time to leave the city before McElroy and Kerrigan appeared and helped the faithless woman strip the pleasant little home of everything of value it contained. The parlor furniture was sold to an auctioneer; other household valuables shared the same fate; others were packed up, and the house was completely gutted. Even Dan's best clothes and watch were sold.

In 35 hours from the time the dupe had left the city, Mrs. Shay was speeding southward over the Southern Pacific road as fast as steam could carry her. She was not alone in her flight, however, but was accompanied by four other equally guilty women, and by Kerrigan and McElroy, and, it is believed, two other tough male citizens, though the information regarding this point is not clear. McElroy accompanied the erring wife as her "friend" and paramour, and Kerrigan devoted himself to Josie Shanahan, a somewhat notorious young female hoodlum known as "Cockeyed Joe" to the *habitués* of that part of Eighth street on which she also resided. The identity of the two remaining girls and their lovers is not known to the friends of either the Shay or Stanton families. Fresno was their destination, and arriving there, Mrs. Shay called herself Mamie Stanton, and, with the other girls, secured rooms in what is known in the locality as a "hurdy palace," in order that their elegant "lovers" might be spared the task of working.

At the expiration of five days Shay returned to the city for a fresh stock. During the third day of his absence he forwarded \$60 to his wife, all unsuspicuous of her desertion, but as she had taken her departure she did not receive it. The tired peddler was fairly paralyzed to learn of his wife's perfidy, and at once started on the trail for vengeance. Having no clue to guide him, his search was unsuccessful, and an elder relative finally induced him to take a second trip to the country, holding up deceptive hopes of finding her in several different localities. Two or three days of aimless wandering settled the matter, and Dan returned to the city, ready to give up the search. Not until then did he learn of the disappearance of Josie Shanahan and by dint of a little patient inquiry, his mother ascertained the plans of the party from a friend of the frail "Cockeyed Josie."

The old woman did not tell Dan until March 26. The effect on him was different from what had been expected. Without saying a word he armed himself, took a train for Fresno, went direct to the woman's new home and slaughtered her. There were no witnesses, but the circumstantial evidence is strong, and Shay was held by the coroner's jury on a charge of murder.

Another case similar to the above occurred on April 12, at Philadelphia, Pa. A Mrs. Frederick Crossly decamped from her husband's home, No. 1115 Division street, taking with her all the household effects and her husband's clothes. This is the second time that Mrs. Crossly has deserted her husband, and her career since the first flight has been highly interesting. In July, 1880, according to the husband's statement, the frivolous wife procured his committal to the house of correction upon a trumped-up charge of intemperance. To add insult to injury, while he was in durance vile, Mrs. Crossly skipped away with a new-found admirer, she subsequently figured as the plaintiff in a bigamy case in New York against one John D. Gilchrist, whom she had palmed off as her husband. Just when things were beginning to look serious for Gilchrist, Crossly turned up, and the suit against Gilchrist suddenly terminated after a sensational scene in court. The Crosslys wiped out old scores and went back to Philadelphia to live together again, and went to housekeeping in Division street.

Crossly says that he has been suspicious of his wife for some weeks, and recently tracked her to Woodbury, N. J., where he says she remained two days and nights with Gilchrist, the man she attempted to convict of bigamy in November. Crossly accused her of her infidelity, and a quarrel ensued, the result of

which was the flight with the household goods on April 12. He says he has enough of her, and proposes to hand her over to the law if he can catch her.

A HUSBAND'S MAD DEED.

A Brooklyn Groceryman, in a Frenzy of Jealousy, Kills One of His Old Friends.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Another cold-blooded murder is making "goose flesh" *de rigueur* in Brooklyn. On the afternoon of April 17, Diedrich Mahnken, a grocer, who kept a store at the corner of Park and Vanderbilt avenues, shot and killed Diedrich Steffens, a lager beer bottler. Up to a short time ago the men had been intimate friends. Steffens fell in love with Anna Doscher, a niece of the groceryman, who lived at Mahnken's house. The latter at last conceived the idea that Steffens' frequent visits to the house were to enjoy the company of Mrs. Mahnken instead of the young woman. On several occasions Mahnken accused his wife of being too familiar with the lover of his niece, and violent scenes resulted between the two.

In order to allay her husband's jealousy, and out of regard for Steffens, Mrs. Mahnken persuaded Anna Doscher to go and live with a friend, and told Steffens that if he had any regard for her or the girl he intended to marry he would stop his visits at the groceryman's house.

There is every reason to believe that Steffens followed the advice given him by Mrs. Mahnken, as her neighbors say that they have not seen him at her house for the past week or two. He met his death from Mahnken's pistol at a time when he seems to have had no idea of calling upon the wife of the groceryman. He stopped during the afternoon at the grocery of Carson Stech, on the corner opposite Mahnken's place, and delivered some bottled lager beer which had been ordered, when, upon the sidewalk, an acquaintance, John Cordes by name, who was standing near Mahnken's store, called over to Steffens to come to where he was, and the lager beer seller started to cross Park avenue.

Just as Steffens was about to step over the sewer basin in front of Mahnken's store to the sidewalk, the groceryman, livid with anger, confronted him, and drawing a "bulldog" revolver, commenced firing. Five chambers were discharged in rapid succession without a word being spoken by either Mahnken or his victim. Steffens was not given a moment to prepare himself for flight, but the first shot was fired before he had stepped from the roadway to the curbstone. Four of the bullets entered Steffens' head and one punctured his left breast. He fell to the sidewalk and died in a few seconds without having spoken a single word after Mahnken commenced the attack upon him.

The murderer, after his victim fell before him, walked coolly into the house and proceeded to his upstairs apartments, still holding the pistol in his hand. A crowd, attracted by the noise of the discharge of firearms, quickly gathered. Officer O'Brien of the Myrtle avenue police, who was on duty, was standing at the corner of Clermont and Park avenues. He heard the shots, and hastened to the corner of Vanderbilt avenue, where he saw the body of Steffens upon the ground, with blood flowing from the wounds in his head. He at once took in the situation.

"Who shot this man?" he inquired.

"Mahnken, the grocer," said a boy who had seen the shooting.

"Where is he?" demanded the officer.

"He's just ran up stairs," was the reply.

O'Brien flew up stairs and encountered the murderer at their head, with the pistol still in his hand.

"Put up that pistol," he shouted to Mahnken, who appeared to be dazed and did not know what he was doing.

The murderer did as he was told.

"You must go to the station house," the officer said. "All right, I'll go," was the reply. The two passed down the staircase, but when they reached the sidewalk Mahnken refused to go any further. The policeman drew his revolver, and the groceryman, seeing the weapon, cowered, and agreed to go quietly to the station at Park and Myrtle avenues. There his revolver, one chamber of which was still loaded, was taken from him.

"Did you kill this man?" Captain Wilmarth asked him.

"Yes, I killed him," was the answer.

"What did you do it for?"

"He was too intimate with my wife. I couldn't stand it any longer. I must protect my children."

Efforts to get a further statement from the prisoner proved unavailing. He became very reticent and refused to answer further questions.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

On the night of April 16, John Stout, while escorting a young lady home from prayer-meeting at Havana, Ill., was waylaid and beaten by his rival, named Frank Coppel, also a member of the bible class in the same church. Stout drew a knife in the course of the fight and fatally stabbed his assailant. Both are highly connected and belong to families distinguished in religious training and professions.

AT New Castle, Penn., April 16, William Falls, one of the most prominent business men in the city and deacon in the Presbyterian church, was arrested charged with committing an assault on Mrs. Mary Hinckson, a wealthy widow, aged 40. Mrs. Hinckson lives in elegant style on the summer home and farm, belonging to Falls, and pays him rent. She claims that the crime was committed on the evening of April 8, when she was alone in the house. Falls had a hearing before a *magistrate*, and the testimony showed that he was guilty of the crime as charged. He was accordingly held for trial in \$1,000 bail.

NATURE VERSUS ART.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a theory to the effect that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. But it won't go down nowadays. Beauty has got to be adorned, you bet, or she'll make things warm for the old man at home. We've been there, and we know whereof we speak. When she don't pan out as well as she ought, art comes along and helps her out. If you don't believe it—but no. It's impossible. You must believe it, for from false teeth to a wooden leg, there isn't a household on the continent that don't know what man's ingenuity can do to repair or make good for the deficiencies of nature.

BIG SCANDAL AT LAST OUT.

The Wife of Wallack's Leading Man Arrives and Betrays a Lot of Wickedness.

[With Portraits.]

The true inwardness of all the "cussedness" of Minnie Conway, since her return to America is out at last. It will be remembered that Levy, the cornet blower, her husband, sent her to Paris about a year ago to study music and other things. She studied so well and learned so much, that when she returned several months since and was ready to come out as a comic opera prima donna, Levy found that he was being sadly "left." As we have already reported in these columns, the hornblower grew frantically jealous and cut up rough, raiding his wife's sleeping apartment with a pistol, and, as he alleges, routing out an intruder or two. Levy talked loud in public places and accused the mashing leading man of Wallack's, Osmond Tearle, of being the cause of his troubles. This was denied by the wallack's theatre influentials, who put the soft pedal down on the press men and managed to keep the theatre pretty clear of the scandal. They couldn't stop Levy's talk, though, and they couldn't prevent the scribes of that dreadful POLICE GAZETTE hearing him.

At last Minnie became so mad at the annoyance of hubby that she set at work to prove in the courts that he wasn't her husband at all, and that their marriage had been a fraud. This knocked the matrimonial stuff out of the hornblower and relegated him to the background, where he has toned down to sing small-white his darling Minnie has her pathway cleared of all such obstructions as he. But in spite of the most desperate efforts to keep the thing quiet, there came out by the due process of law, on April 16, a shocking scandal, which discloses all the POLICE GAZETTE has said about the "perfesh," and explains the strange conduct of some of the stage people for months past. On April 7 there arrived in New York from England, by the steamer Celtic, a dark-haired, brown-eyed and decidedly handsome woman, who registered at the Park avenue hotel as Mrs. Osmond "Deade" of Liverpool. She claimed to be the wife of the dandy leading man of Wallack's, and had come over with blood in her eye. She wasn't the kind to be put off, and the theatrical saints couldn't put any hush on her. She was determined to bring out the whole story of her alleged wrongs with all the parties appertaining thereto. She accordingly secured counsel and at once began a suit for divorce which came up before Judge Barrett of the Supreme court on April 16 on a motion for alimony. She is mad and determined, and there is a dead certainty that this case is going to pan out in a way that will prove to the public that the POLICE GAZETTE was only strictly just in its statements long back concerning the easy manners and mixed morals of the "perfesh," even in its highest grades.

Mrs. Tearle tells her story as follows:

Mr. Tearle was living in Liverpool in 1870 and 1871 when he met Mary Alice Rowe, the daughter of a manufacturer. Against the wishes of her family they were married on April 10, 1871. Each was 20 years old, and the young actor was without reputation or a permanent engagement. At his suggestion, Mrs. Tearle went upon the stage, and appeared with him for a few months in several minor parts. The profession was distasteful to her, and she has never acted since. Five children were born to them, of whom but two are living, George Osmond Tearle, Jr., aged 11, and Beatrice, aged 8.

A year or two ago Mr. Tearle came to this country to fill an engagement at Wallack's theatre. After a few weeks Mrs. Tearle saw notices in the newspapers of the arrival in New York of "Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Tearle," and subsequently saw frequent references to "Mrs. Osmond Tearle." On the advice of friends, she took steps to inform herself, and learned, as she says, that the lady was Miss Arden. Mr. Tearle and Miss Arden subsequently acted in the same company in California, in Canada and elsewhere. It is alleged that a reconciliation between the husband and wife occurred a few months later, and that when Mr. Tearle left England to accept his present engagement at Wallack's he was upon the most pleasant terms with his family, and Mrs. Tearle has stated to friends that he promised to send home £10 a week during his absence, and on his return in July would find a larger and more comfortable home for his family. They were living in plain apartments in the outskirts of Liverpool. His remittances from New York, Mrs. Tearle avers, were received at uncertain intervals, and were at the rate of £150 a year, instead of £50. In January, she says, a letter was received from him, in which he says:

"I would give untold gold, if I were the possessor of it, if I were able only to like you. Be the consequences what they may, my determination never to live with you is irrevocable."

Another part of the letter says that if she does not get a divorce he proposes to get one, and that he can do anything here with money and influence. It advises her not to come to America to take any steps in the matter, because such action would force him to be very cruel, and because America is inhospitable to women. The same letter extols his wife's character, and thanks God that the children are in such good hands. It expresses the writer's determination to take out naturalization papers and become a citizen of the United States. It avers that he has lived in unlawful relations with other women ever since shortly after his marriage, and says that he made up his mind to write this letter before he left England.

When Levy heard of the threatened outbreak of the scandal he was much excited. Being asked by a reporter if he knew of the attachment of Tearle and Minnie Conway, he replied: "Everybody is aware of it. It is known all over town. Even Wallack has tried to put a stop to it and failed. But he won't marry her," he continued, "and if he does it will be the worse for him."

"Is Miss Conway in the city?"

"I can't tell you, because I don't know. Ask Tearle. He knows. She has taken my two children from me as well. Tearle broke up my home as he has broken the peace of other men and women. Why, when I was laid up with a bad lip and fearing it might be the means of breaking up my my engagement, she came to me and pretended much anxious sorrow, and this at the very time she was under the infatuation of this man."

Then the expletives with which Levy did top off his opinion of his Minnie and her Osmond! Lor! They were the daisy cuss words!

Tearle wouldn't talk. Minnie's counsel was non-committal, but Mrs. Tearle was clamorous for her rights.

It is going to be a very rich exposé indeed. Wallack's leading man thus matches him of the Union

square. First De Bel... e—then Osmond Tearle. A pretty showing indeed, and yet they talk about honor and cleanliness and moral worth and all that sort of thing. Hal hal! They laugh best who laugh last, and it's our turn to guffaw now.

A HELL ON EARTH.

How the Moral Folks of Texas Wink at the Torture of Convicts.

[Subject of Illustration.]

They are a nice lot of Christians those church-going hypocrites of the Texas legislature. We knew there was wickedness of the deepest dye under their loud-mouthed professions of sanctity, and *Texas Siftings*, a journal of San Antonio in that state, has brought it out. The life of the slaves of the old times was a better existence compared with the life of agony endured by the convicts who fall into the clutches of these sanctimonious legislators, who thought the POLICE GAZETTE too wicked for circulation among their constituents.

An attempt is being made to renew the lease to a certain little clique of the penitentiary buildings and the convicts they contain for another term of 15 years. This brings out the *Siftings* with a howl of indignation that makes the hypocrites of the legislature tremble. The consideration for this use of the buildings and the prisoners by the contractors is the payment to the state of \$20,000 annually. This lease gives three or four men absolute control over the convicts. They may work them on railways, on farms, in mines or on public buildings. They may rent them out to anyone who wishes to purchase their labor. The man who has been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary for murder may be rented out to the brother or son of the man he murdered.

Most of the convicts are worked on plantations or in the building of railroads; worked hard all day, fed on rough food, and housed at night in box cars, so badly ventilated that it is no unusual thing for a convict to be dragged out in the morning dead from suffocation. When there is no car a few logs are thrown across a railroad ditch, earth piled over them, and into the den thus formed the convicts are compelled to crawl through a small opening and there, huddled together, to swelter through the sultry summer nights, the muzzle of a shot gun, in the hands of a guard, peering down at them through the only opening. In a climate where, in winter, the thermometer often falls 50 degrees between night and morning, no provision in the matter of extra clothing is made for their protection in cold weather. The poor wretches shiver through the long winter nights in the clothes that they wore in July, and with the damp earth for a bed. When a convict dies he gets hasty burial, no coffin, no ceremony, he is either thrown in with the other dirt that makes the roadbed, or planted in a shallow grave in the ditch where he died. The earth is leveled down, there is nothing to mark the grave, and in a day or two, if not disturbed by the wolves or buzzards, no one can tell the spot where he lies.

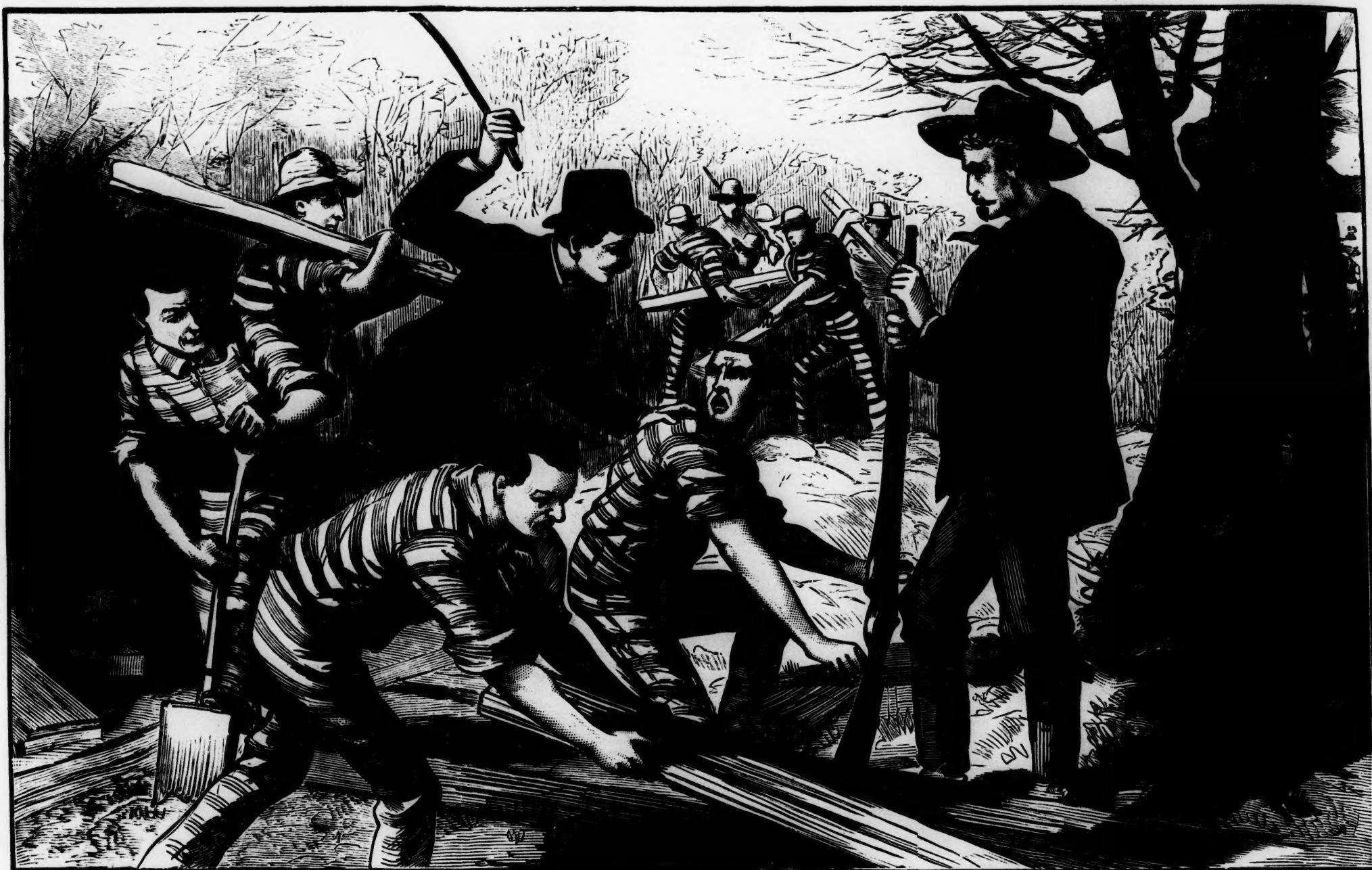
Then, says the *Siftings*: Is it any wonder that under this system—a system that enables us to understand the full meaning of the figurative expression, "a hell on earth"—is it any wonder that 397 convicts escaped during the last two years, and that 33 were killed by the guards in attempting to escape?

AN ARKANSAS DESPERADO.

Desperate Fight with a Posse who Attempted to Arrest Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Deputy Sheriff Couch, with a posse of seven men attempted to arrest Wm. Purse near Alma, Van Buren Co., Ark., and made a bad failure after an exchange of about 25 shots. About one month ago a woman from Barry county, Mo., swore out a writ of habeas corpus against Wm. Purse for the recovery of her stolen child, whom she said, was with her husband, and that he was an escaped convict from the Missouri penitentiary, sent there for horse stealing from Barry county, Mo.; that after his escape he deserted her, taking with him their only child. After nearly two years of weary search she learned that he was living in Van Buren county with another woman. The particulars of the attempted arrest are as follows: When the posse approached Purse's farm he was plowing, and had two revolvers hanging on the harness of the harness, having, no doubt, fears of being arrested for some crime at any moment. A sister or wife, it is not known which, discovered the approach of the



"A HELL ON EARTH."

HOW THE CONVICTS OF TEXAS ARE TORTURED BY THE CONTRACTORS TO WHOM THEY ARE LEASED BY THE MORAL LEGISLATURE.



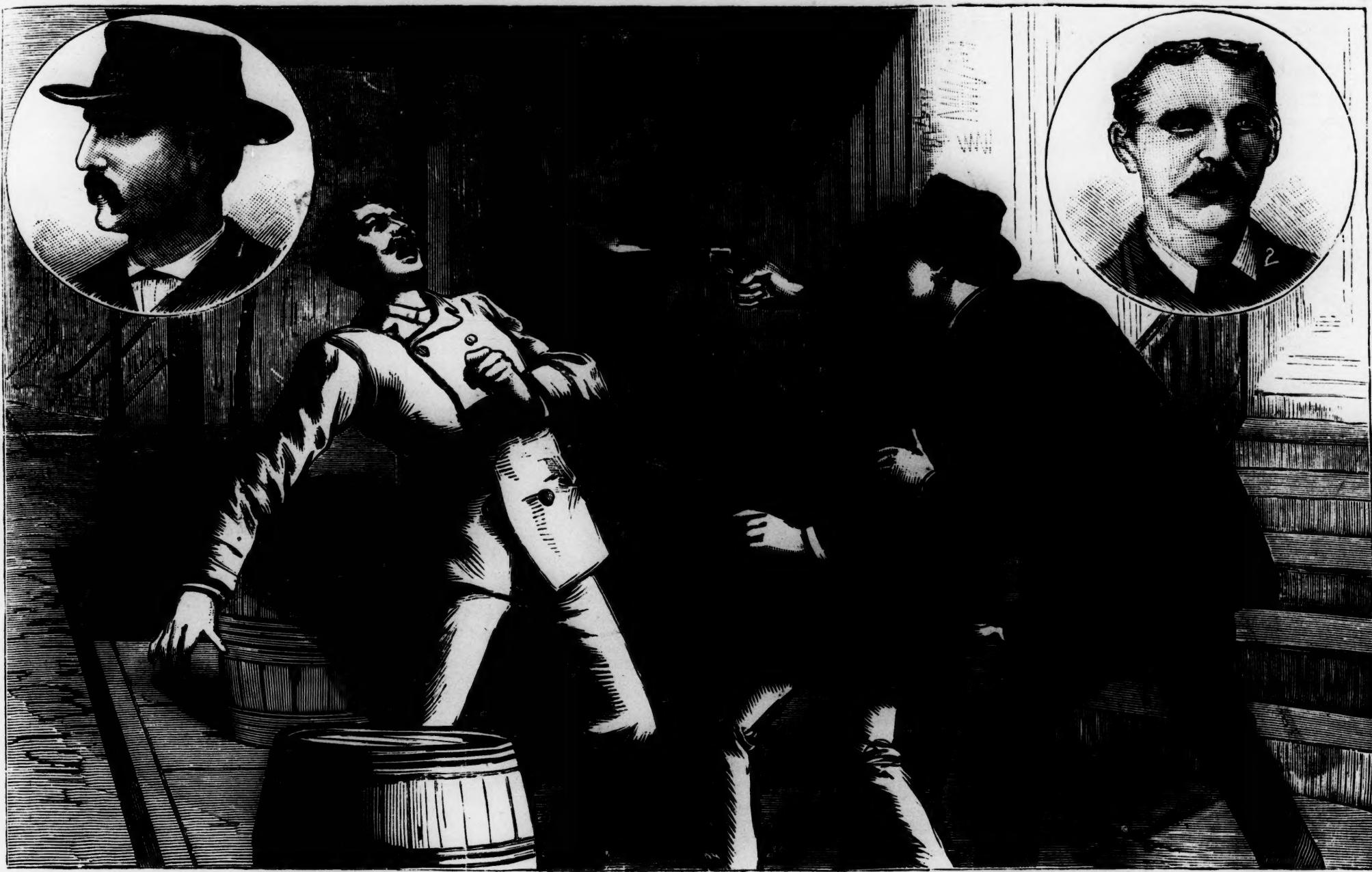
A NEW USE OF THE BICYCLE.

SURGLARS IN MASSACHUSETTS UTILIZE THE FLYING WHEELS IN THEIR MIDNIGHT DEPREDATIONS.



A COLORED FIEND.

SALLIE PRUITT, A NURSE GIRL, THROWS A CHILD IN A WELL; MONBON COUNTY, GA.



MURDERED BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

A BROOKLYN GROCERYMAN, IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY, CRUELLY SLAUGHTERS A FRIEND HE IMAGINES HAS WRONGED HIM.—NO. 1—DIEDRICH MAHNKIN.—NO. 2—DIEDRICH STEFFENS.



AN ARKANSAS DESPERADO.

A DETERMINED OUTLAW PUTS TO FLIGHT A SHERIFF'S POSSE WHO ATTEMPTED TO ARREST HIM.

THE PRIZE RING.

Big Matches Arranged Between the Pugilistic Stars.

Young Mitchell Engages to Meet Sullivan with the Gloves and Slade with the Bare Knuckles.

There is another boom in prize ring circles and the half million readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will be glad to learn that two important matches have been arranged, one in which John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world is to meet Charley Mitchell, the English phenomenon, in the arena and "spar" with soft boxing gloves, and the other a prize fight, according to London prize ring rules, between Herbert A. Slade, the New Zealand giant, and Mitchell. The "sparring" match between Mitchell and Sullivan is set down for May 14, and will take place at Madison Square Garden, New York. Owing to the great fame Mitchell won in bearing off the championship of England and the laurels he added to those already won by beating Mike Cleary in three rounds with the gloves, in New York, the forthcoming meet between the English and American champions will create a furore in sporting circles, and will attract thousands of sporting men to their meeting.

The match between Slade and Mitchell was arranged in a quick, business-like manner. Slade's new backer (for it must be understood the POLICE GAZETTE would rather, on a question of pure judgment, put up its money on Mitchell, and is no longer bucking Slade), finding that there was no prospect of Sullivan and Slade being matched, and anxious at Richard K. Fox was, to know if Slade was the pugilist Jem Mace cracked him up to be, decided to pit him against Mitchell. The important match was arranged in this way:

At Harry Hill's sporting theatre on Monday evening, April 16, a large crowd of prominent sporting men gathered to discuss prize ring topics. Among the celebrities were Jem Mace, the pugilistic hero of three worlds, "Hen." J. Rice, Mace's business manager, Herbert A. Slade, the New Zealand Hercules, and Wm. Madden, the noted pugilistic manager, who brought John L. Sullivan before the sporting public and represented him when Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, decided to match Paddy Ryan against the Boston strong boy for \$5,000 a side and the championship of America. Also, in the social party, were Charley Mitchell, the second Tom Sayers, Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the sensational boxers, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and a host of other noted sporting men. Harry Hill sat among the group, eagerly listening to the prize ring talk. Mitchell said: "Well, I would sooner fight with the knuckles than with the gloves, and if I do have a go I want to beat the top sawyer. It is no use fighting men who cannot knock a hole in a pound of butter, because you have no reputation after it is over."

"Why don't you fight John L. Sullivan?" asked a sporting man.

Billy Madden retorted warmly: "Mitchell will fight anybody for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side."

"Why doesn't he fight Slade?" put in Hen. Rice.

"Yes," said Jem Mace. "It would be a capital match."

"Why doesn't Slade fight Sullivan?" inquired Madden.

"What are you talking about?" said Rice. "I was in Boston last Saturday, April 14, and with James Wakely better known as Brooklyn Jimmy, called at Sullivan's house and offered to match Slade to fight Sullivan with the bare knuckles, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$5,000 a side, agreeing to have the fight take place in five months in this country, or four months from signing articles, in England. Sullivan refused, and I came back to New York."

"I will match Mitchell to fight Slade with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, for £2,500 a side, the fight to come off in England or in America. That will suit, won't it, Charley?" said Madden, turning to the pugilistic wonder.

"Oh, yes," said Mitchell. "I will fight any champion living, no matter if he weighs a ton."

"I will match Slade against you for \$1,000 a side, according to the rules of the London prize ring, to fight in four months, in England."

"That is not enough money to fight for," said Madden. "Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will fit Mitchell \$5,000 to fight anybody, and why should we go to England to fight for \$1,000?"

"Well," said Jem Mace, "according to the rules of the London prize ring, a pugilist is compelled to fight for £200 or forfeit the championship."

"I will give you a chance," said Slade's backer. "I will match Slade to fight Mitchell in five months for £2,500 a side and the championship of the world, and fight in this country."

"That is a fair proposition," said Harry Hill.

"Yes," said Mitchell, "I am satisfied to fight anyone as long as there is plenty of money to fight for, and it is with the bare knuckles."

"We will make the match," said Madden.

"Well," said Mitchell, "let us make it and settle the matter: we have had plenty of talk about it."

"Where do you want to fight?" asked Madden of Slade's backer.

"Either at New Orleans or Cheyenne," replied Rice.

"No," said Madden, "I propose Kansas City."

"Toss for it, Billy," said Mitchell; "you are lucky and we may win."

"I am satisfied," said Rice.

The choice of fighting ground was tossed for and Madden won.

"Now, Harry Hill or Richard K. Fox will suit me to hold the stakes," said Madden.

"Harry Hill will suit," said Rice, and it was finally settled that he should hold the \$5,000 to be fought for.

The parties then posted \$100 a side forfeit, and signed articles of agreement for Herbert A. Slade of New Zealand, Australia, and Charley Mitchell of England, to fight a fair standup prize fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for £2,500 a side and the championship of the world. The protocol also states that they shall fight within 200 miles of Kansas City on September 16, 1883.

Slade will leave for England with Mace, after the latter settles up some financial business. He will return and train Slade for the mill.

Recently George Fulljames of Canada, learning that Harry Gilmore of Toronto, Canada (a city Full-

James made his abiding place until he found Uncle Sam's territory more prosperous), was eager to fight him. George promptly posted a hundred and declared himself ready to meet the pugilist who wanted to be "king of his castle." Gilmore has not backed up his *defi* with collateral, and Fulljames' prompt and busness like action has made sporting men look upon him as a trump card. We understand that Gilmore is eager to test Fulljames' pugilistic abilities with either the gloves or without them, but he needs "the sinews of war." Gilmore, on his arrival from the Dominion, made Arthur Chambers', the Champions' Rest in the Quaker city, his headquarters. Now one would suppose, if Gilmore is the clever and plucky fighter he is cracked up to be, that among such sporting men as Arthur Chambers, John H. Clark, Mike Cleary and other lions of the prize ring, he should not look long for a backer. Fulljames, on the other hand, is eager to fight Gilmore. He has \$1,000 behind him, and if Gilmore succeeds in finding backers there is not the least doubt but that the match will be arranged. In view of Gilmore's financial difficulties, it would not be a bad idea for some well-fixed sport to offer a purse of \$500 for the rival Canadian pugilists to fight for. We know of quite a number who would pay \$10 to see the mill, providing they knew both were going to try and win.

Since the arrival of Charley Mitchell, the English champion, a number of pugilists have challenged him to fight either with or without gloves. Mitchell was brought to this country by William Madden expressly to meet John L. Sullivan, the champion. He came here the full-fledged champion of England, having beaten all the heavyweights who dared to meet him. He offered to meet Sullivan on his arrival with the gloves, but a hitch about the gate money prevented a meeting. Madden then decided to pit the champion against what he (Madden) considered the next best pugilist in America, Mike Cleary of Philadelphia, and the selection proved that Madden's idea of champions was capital one. Cleary had fought in the ring, he had time and again offered to fight George Cooke, Mike Donovan or any of the middleweights, and he had also defeated Itooke, the champion of the middleweights, off hand with gloves. Cleary accepted. The funeral of the late Owen Judge, the middle-weight champion of the Pacific slope, at San Francisco, Cal., was well attended by the sporting fraternity. Only for the efforts of Patsy Hogan, the popular sporting man, the city authorities would have had to bury the pugilist. Hogan raised subscriptions, and the pugilist was buried from the residence of his mother. Among those who attended the funeral were Patsy Hogan, Tom Manning, Jack Devine, Tom Barry, Jack Howard, A. L. Fulda, Philo Jacobi, Billy Bouton and Bill Delaney, while several representatives of the Olympic and Silver Sprig social clubs were also present. The body looked very natural, but few signs of the slow disease from which Judge had died were visible. The floral offerings were numerous and very handsome. About 30 carriages and buggies followed the body to the grave in the Calvary cemetery.

The Boston *Globe* publishes the following about John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, which will be news to the uninitiated: "Sullivan, while in New York recently, boasted of his ability to knock Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist, out in two three-minute rounds. Alderman Jeff Kinney, who years ago was one of New York's famous boxers, and who is a capital judge of what constitutes a first-class pugilist, offered to bet Sullivan \$1,000 that he could not knock Mitchell out at all, no matter how many rounds were specified. Sullivan informed the alderman that he could whip Mace, Slade, Joe Coburn, Mitchell and all the rest of the heavyweights, one after another. Mike Coburn, on being informed of Sullivan's statement, started with a few friends to find Sullivan. Alderman Kinney joined the party, and Sullivan with great difficulty eluded them for a time, but they espied him on a car, and the gang quickly followed. Sullivan, they claimed, was no good and would not fight, and roundly abused him, offering him several opportunities to step off the car and put up his hands, but he had better judgment than to do so." It appears that the old feud between Sullivan and Coburn, which originated at Auburn, N. Y., has not been settled, as was supposed, and it is the general opinion that Coburn and his legion of admirers and Sullivan and his followers must bury the hatchet, or there will be trouble. Pugilists should always make it a point to settle their differences within the roped arena, and not make bluffs about each other: it shows bad taste.

On April 6, John Hoffman of Williamsburg and Charley Dommer of Brooklyn agreed to fight on April 14, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, "with gloves," for \$50. At the hour appointed a large crowd assembled at a well-known sporting resort at Bleeker street, New York, and were all ready to go to the trysting place, where a large room had been engaged for the mill. Hoffman and his ten friends (the number each pugilist was to be allowed) were on hand, but Dommer and his friends failed to appear, having, it is claimed, lost the place named for meeting. The final stakeholder appointed another place of meeting, and on April 16, the backers of Dommer and Hoffman, with a large delegation, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Both parties were notified when to meet, and the stakeholder threatened if the pugilists were not both on hand at the place appointed he would hand the stakes over to the pugilist who put in an appearance.

"April 16, 1883.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
"I notice in several of the papers that Mike Donovan claims that he is eager to fight Charley Mitchell, the English champion, and proposes to mill at 145 lbs for \$1,000 a side. Now, Mitchell is the heavyweight champion of England, and did not come to America to fight fifth-class pugilists, as I claim Donovan to be. Why Donovan was once matched to fight George Cooke, but he made a fizzle of it. Sporting men raised purse and I trained Donovan at Rockaway, May, 1880. After all arrangements had been made, he refused to meet Cooke under any consideration, and I quit him in disgust because he proved himself a coward. What reputation would Mitchell gain by fighting such a pugilist as Donovan? There are some sporting men who, because Mitchell is a stranger, would like to see him matched, and then win, tie or wrangle; but I'll not allow Mitchell to meet any one until he faces the champion. Cleary, I consider to be the next best pugilist in America to Sullivan. Mitchell proved what he could do with the champion of Pennsylvania by besting him in three rounds. All athletes, when they suffer defeat, make the 'no condition' excuse; but Cleary and all other ambitious boxers, will have a chance after Mitchell's victory, the question of supremacy with Sullivan. Mitchell has been in New York only a few days. He has proved what he can do, and he is not done yet; therefore, he should not be made a target of pugilists who would not fight, providing they were matched, unless they had both ends and the middle the best of it. All I have to say in conclusion is, that Mitchell's next contest will be with John L. Sullivan, the American champion, and he will pay no attention to Donovan's alleged *bona fide* challenges or Mike Cleary's offers, until after he meets the champion."

BILLY MADDEN."

In Boston (Mass.) there is an organization known as the "Crib" club. It is composed of gentleman who patronize boxing, and who, at stated periods, offer purses for theistic division to display their science. The exhibitions of this club are always great events among the gentlemanly class of sports.

On April 14 the Crib club gave a grand reception, which ended in a first-class mill. John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, was master of ceremonies. The following well-known representatives of the manly art of the "Hub" participated in boxing bouts of three rounds prior to the glove contest: Smith and Carroll, young Crowley and Collins, Johnny Murphy of Boston and Randall of Fall River Prof. J. J. Bagley and Patsy Gallagher, James Kilian and Arthur Allen, all of whom gave very clever play. The wind-up, which was what all were anxious for, was between Billy Kilduff of Boston and Tom Sullivan of Cambridge. On their stepping in the ring they looked in splendid form, and were introduced to the audience by Sullivan, who stated that this was to be a contest of six rounds, in accordance with the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. Patsy Sheppard acted as second for Kilduff and Prof. Bailey for Sullivan.

Slade will leave for England with Mace, after the latter settles up some financial business. He will return and train Slade for the mill.

The first round was rather tame, both men playing with caution, and very little tapping was indulged in.

Kilduff was the stouter of the two, but Sullivan looked tough, and had evidently been in training.

In the second round Kilduff forced matters after a few parries, and gave Sullivan a few lively tips on the nose, while Sullivan went in for body blows. After about 30 seconds of hot work, Kilduff struck Sullivan with his left and knocked him against his second's chair, from which he rolled on the ground.

This seemed to daze him. He sat for a minute, while Kilduff coolly awaited him at the scratch, to which he, Sullivan, had to be pushed. After a few seconds' sparring, Kilduff got in a right-hand blow square from the shoulder, which sounded like a sledge hammer and knocked his man completely out of time, Sullivan lying unconscious for several minutes.

The prize was awarded to Kilduff, who walked off like a game chicken, while Sullivan had to be taken to his home in a carriage.

The next important glove match to be decided at the "Hub" will be that between Ed Frazer of Boston, Mass., and Jim Murray of New York. The contest will take place on the 23d inst. Patsy Sheppard is preparing Frazer for the fray, while Murray is living abstemiously, practising the art with Tom Allen of New York. It will be remembered that Murray and Frazer fought once in Boston, but the battle ended in a draw, much to the dissatisfaction of Murray.

The funeral of the late Owen Judge, the middle-weight champion of the Pacific slope, at San Francisco, Cal., was well attended by the sporting fraternity.

Only for the efforts of Patsy Hogan, the popular sporting man, the city authorities would have had to bury the pugilist.

"I should smile," said the religious editor, as he blushed. Then, toying with a \$500 Jorgenson watch, he asked, "What do you want of me?"

"Oh, then, you are the religious editor? I should like to get your car for a few moments."

"Well, I guess not, if the court knows itself. You might as well have my ear for the remainder of your lifetime as for a few moments. It's thin, and it wouldn't fit you," and the religious editor fondled his bowie knife.

"I simply wished to bespeak your good offices. I am well provided with ears," said the tramp, and to give emphasis to his remark he flapped his ears.

"Go ahead with your speech. Let me know what you want."

"I notice a great many challenges in the papers nowadays, and I think there is a growing demand for a superior article in this line. Now, I have a challenge mill which I have patented and want to dispose of. It turns out a great variety of challenges, all warranted to suit, and their beauty lies in the fact that they are perfectly harmless. That fact should recommend the mill to the host of would-be fighters now thirsting for notoriety without danger."

"Let me see some of your mill's work."

"Listen to this," said the stranger, and he read the following:

"To the Editor of ——:

"I understand that John L. Sullivan still claims to be champion of America. I am prepared to fight him for \$5,000 a side, within five years of the signing of the articles of agreement."

"I will be at police headquarters, in Mulberry street, to-morrow night at 9 o'clock, ready to deposit a forfeit with Inspector Byrne, Police Commissioner French to be final stakeholder. I mean business."

"JOHN DOE."

"That's the sort of thing which will take in New York," remarked the tramp. "Now here is something to suit a country place like the city of Brooklyn:

"To the Editor of ——:

"I am anxious to fight Charles Mitchell, the English boxer, for the championship of the world and \$5,000 stakes. I will meet him in Henry Ward Beecher's library, Plymouth church, at 2 a. m. to-morrow. Will accept DeWitt C. Talmage as final stakeholder. The fight to take place in the city hall square on April 34, 1886. I mean business and don't want any newspaper talk."

RICHARD ROE."

"That will do. Don't read any more," exclaimed the religious editor. "You have made me very tired."

"Do you think the machine will suit Mr. Fox?" inquired the tramp, anxiously.

"Hardly; at least not at present. Drop around about 80 or 90 years from now, and if I am not in, wait for me."

"But I may be dead, then," snorted the tramp, with a vicious glare in his only eye.

"That's so. I didn't think of that," said the religious editor.

"Then with sweet smile, "If you should have the good luck to die before then, you needn't mind coming round."

At instant the tramp was wheeled about and lifted from the floor by 14 inches of cowhide boot, and sent flying down stairs. As he reached the bottom he stopped to remark:

"If I could kick like that religious editor I'd make more than one mule die of envy."

THE CHALLENGE MILL.

An Invention Which Will Prove Serviceable to Alleged Fighters.

A tall, slim individual of the Gothic style of architecture, wearing a fur cap, linen duster and brown paper breeches, stepped softly into the POLICE GAZETTE office yesterday morning.

"I would like to see the religious editor," he remarked, in a raspy voice, which caused the fashion editor's bulldog to give a menacing growl.

"What do you want of him?"

"I hear that he is very solid with the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE," said the mysterious stranger, as he threw a hungry glance at the religious editor's \$1,500 diamond shirt stud.

"I should smile," said the religious editor, as he blushed. Then, toying with a \$500 Jorgensen watch, he asked, "What do you want of me?"

"Oh, then, you are the religious editor? I should like to get your car for a few moments."

"Well, I guess not, if the court knows itself. You might as well have my ear for the remainder of your lifetime as for a few moments. It's thin, and it wouldn't fit you," and the religious editor fondled his bowie knife.

"I simply wished to bespeak your good offices. I am well provided with ears," said the tr

THE NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

"PRETTY POLO."**"POLO IN THE CORNER."****"DOES POLO WANT A CRACKER?"**

The Brooklyn have a paidup capital of \$20,000.

How is old hayseed, the big-footed scound of the Polo ground.

POWELL, the new Providence pitcher, has deserted type setting for ball tossing.

GOLDSMITH "kills time" by prancing around to get rid of his "too solid flesh."

MANHUNK has its three enclosed ball grounds, even though it has no club of any account.

The Alleghenies have ponied up the \$150 advance money paid by the Boston to Dickerson.

Old "fog-horn" Bradley's clarion tones are missed from the diamond field this season.

WHISKY will tell. Jones of the Cincinnati is laid up at present with a hungover in his heel.

St. Louis takes in a quantity of dimes when the youngsters crowd to the ball grounds on boys' day.

LYNN, the pitcher of the Metropolitans, is a regular stuff, when comes to covering the home base.

HANAN has just sacrificed a finger nail in the cause of baseball—much better the nail than a finger.

MANSFIELD'S superfluous weight might have been more easily reduced by "anti-fat" than "overtraining."

DERRY is about the worst old woman on a ball field, and ought to be taken in washing instead of playing.

WHERE would Burdock be without his mouth? Deprive Shafer of his macking and he would lose half his life.

POOT Galvin is trying hard to run off his extra fat; in this effort he might be materially assisted by carrying a hod.

The Louisville boys expect to "Eclipse" the entire American association during the coming championship season.

DETROIT contemplates holding an amateur tournament for the purpose of infusing young blood into their club in 1884.

ESTERBROOK, in his effort to catch the applause from the grand stand at the Polo ground, often makes himself appear rather ridiculous.

The amateur prizes are well worth contending for at Detroit, as they will be \$500, \$250, \$150 and \$100, with 10 per cent. of the gate receipts.

CHARLEY FULMER has been appointed field captain of the Cincinnati, and he certainly feels his position, whether he fields the ball or not.

Why do Richardson and Shafer glare at each other to such an extent as to make them the subject of comment on the ball field? Is it for notoriety?

A new baseball association, consisting of eight clubs, has been formed in Massachusetts, which is to be known as the Massachusetts baseball association.

LARKIN is still laid up with malaria. It is hoped he will soon recover, as he is one of the best players on the Baltimore team, both at the bat and in the field.

In Cincinnati the ladies' day will be on Thursday, at which time each handsome ball player will do his "level best," knowing that the fair ones are watching every movement.

GEORGE STRAIN of the St. Louis club, in a recent game, found his big feet so much in the way that he got lame up from a blow on his ankle and retired from the diamond field.

THE Cincinnati grounds are still very rough, but they will be worn down pretty smooth when the Metropolitans have finished mopping up the field with the Cincinnati club.

RADFORD, the Boston rightfielder, is playing a rattling game, and there are few balls hit to the right field upon which base hits are made, so thoroughly does he cover that position.

ANSON and Brothers, the two largest men in the professional arena, are both good-natured; big elephants. The former is dubbed the "baby elephant" and the latter, "Jumbo."

THEY netted \$100 for the nine at an entertainment given at Brown university, and, with so large a sum, we hope their baseball field will be improved and all complaints stopped.

THE average weight of the Kentons is 160 pounds, but by the time the professionals of the American association are through with them their weight will be reduced about 50 per cent.

THE Chicago group has a seating capacity of 10,000. Wonder how many vacant seats they will have this season if the Chiagos lose the championship, which they are liable to do.

The only way Nutrie can satisfy the New York public is by shipping Crane and Caskins to the Fiji Islands and replacing them with real live men who know something about baseball.

APRIL weather is not conducive to the neither extremities of the baseball players; either the ground is too soft or their limbs are, for Comiskey is suffering from an injured leg, as well as Strieff.

PORK and beans agree with Snyder, who now weighs 185 lbs. His advice would embrace more than Horace Greeley's—for Snyder could say, "Go west, lean young men, and live upon pork and beans."

MATTHEWS is doing some of the finest pitching in the country, and if he only keeps from bending his elbow he will be as effective as he was in olden times, when he stood at the head of the profession in pitching.

BRADLEY's smile catches all the ladies and makes him the most envied man in the profession. When he grins, however, he makes an error, as his mouth invariably gets away from him and goes around behind his ears.

ANSON thinks that the Cleveland are their most formidable rivals, and that the New York have a pretty fair nine, but that they will not hold together. If ever there was a mistaken man in that world that man is Anson.

The advice of the physician to Winslow, pitcher of the Harvards, seems rather superfluous. He advises Winslow not to use his arms in pitching. How can he, when disabled as he is with rheumatism? O wise man of physic!

Baltimore is ahead of New York in a stylish nine. The John Hopkins university carry off the palm. They will wear blue and black caps, Jersey and stockings and white pants. They only need seashell shoes to carry off the prize.

THERE is a screw loose somewhere, as Harry McCaffrey is anxious to ascertain how a baseball player, "in reaching for a thrown ball," could receive contusions, turning the skin to all the colors of the rainbow, from waist to ankle, on the left limb.

PIKE is anxious to play with the Brooklyn nine, but he is at his old game again, trying to make the club feel that he is of so much importance that they should be delighted to have him a member of the club. Pike would suit to be President of the United States.

BILLY BARNIE has greatly improved his personal appearance by getting a blonde wig, and he advises Bob Ferguson to follow suit. Bob, however, is a little afraid the blonde wig would not be in perfect harmony with his black eyebrows and black mustache.

THE "old man," the daddy, of the game, in his scientific style announces to the world that the Chicago will be first in the league championship race; Cleveland, second; New Yorks, third, and Providence, fourth. "Papa," you are away off in your calculations.

THE success Bob Ferguson's Philadelphia team have met with in their games with the Athletcs has been a surprise to the entire country, and he knocked the baseball prophets all out of time. It even struck "dumb with amazement" the "father" of the game.

THE New York's made a desperate attempt to remove the cover from the ball in their last game with the Nationals of Washington, but Barr, the amateur pitcher, held his own, and the greatly chagrined professionals had to slip out of the town with only eight base hits.

JERRY DORGAN is a first-class ball player, but he is rather an expensive luxury for a club, and he never remains in a city very long, as every ball he gets his hands on he puts down his throat. Sometimes he gets too many balls in him and loses his head, and the game as well.

A BRILLIANT idea has suggested itself to Manager Chapman of the Detroit, and he has concluded to carry it into effect, which is to start his celebrated Detroit team to breaking stones after the New Yorks as through with them. Right you are, Chapman, for that is about all they will be fit for.

DICK HIGHAM, the once famous catcher, who generally bore the reputation of a "crooked player," although never caught in the

act, was tripped up a year or two since in crooked umpiring and expelled from the league, is now hanging around the Chicago pool rooms "as large as life, and twice as natural."

It is just as well to be liberal in money matters, and pleasant when a club is rich enough to keep up a list of nearly 20 salaried men, before the season is fairly opened. This the Providence club is doing, and ball players out of an engagement might make immediate application for a position upon their salaried force.

THE St. Louis press and the management of the St. Louis club, are at "logger-heads," and the style in which the reporters dress up manager Sullivan affords great amusement to the St. Louis people, and possibly it would not be a bad idea for manager Nutrie to take heed. No more need be said, "as a word to the wise is sufficient."

MANAGER MURKIN has made a new departure in baseball outfit. His pets this summer will wear black silk stockings, patent leather shoes, with sealskin uppers, and in order to appear attractive they will trim on their shapes, not wearing any other garments. It is thought that they will draw largely, as they are all splendidly formed men.

WHEN Manager MURKIN sees a dollar lying on the ground he walks right past it, just as though he did not know it was there. He is well trained in this respect. He found a dollar in the grand stand at the Polo ground one day, and the boys made him blow it off. When they had finished with him at 10 o'clock the next morning he had spent in the neighborhood of \$50, and had a head on him like a bass drum.

THE St. Louis *Advertiser* has the following truthful sentence regarding a certain baseball cartoon that recently appeared in the east: "One of those pestiferous specimens of humanity known as an eastern cartoonist gives a mean and dirty tinge at the national game this week which is utterly pointless. The trouble with baseball is that it is too purely American and too little Anglican to suit some of the eastern toadies to English customs and peculiarities. They much resemble the wretched and despised vertebrates, which is eliminated by the use of a fine comb and a thumbnail."

MANAGER O'LEARY has foomed up in Indianapolis as manager of their baseball club. His players are: James Donnelly of New Haven, Conn., and Edward Halbright of Auburn, N. Y., pitchers; James Peoples of Detroit and Jerry Dorgan of Meriden, Conn., catchers; John P. Smith of St. Thomas, Canada, first base; Al Bruckinger of Detroit, second base; P. Callahan of the Alaska of this city, third base; Dan O'Leary of Detroit, short stop; Thomas Rider of Dubuque, Iowa, left field, with the spare pitcher and catcher in the centre and right fields.

MANAGER WRIGHT has an idea that the larger the number of players the greater the chance of winning the championship. He now announces another left-handed phenomenon weighing 175 lbs, and being 5 ft 10 in height, whom he expects to starle the world when he gets his battoning clothes on. This makes about the sixteenth hundred and eightieth man that Wright has signed this season. As only nine can play at any one time, however, Mr. Wright contemplates utilizing the spare force in lending them to the state to break stone.

MURKIN of the Harrisburg club is kind of a slippery duck, but he made a dead failure when he tried to come the skin game on the American association. Last season he managed the Baltimore club, which went through the season without paying its indebtedness to the association. By forfeiting the club's membership he thought that he had cleared himself of the responsibility. He started the Harrisburg club, which had to join the American alliance before it could compete for the inter-state championship.

To his great chagrin he was notified by the American association to pony up the \$190 or abide the consequences of being expelled from the association, which, according to the peace conference agreement, would debar him from playing with any club in the country without rendering such club liable to be placed on the black list of the three leading associations which control the entire country in the professional baseball arena. The money was paid, and Charley Norton learned a lesson that will last him the remainder of his days.

THE league pennant, which is put up as a trophy by Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be competed for by the eight clubs of the league, has been completed, and is now on exhibition at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is a most exquisite piece of workmanship, and is the finest trophy ever set up as a baseball pedestal, the top of which is a representation of the ball field with 12 baseball players in solid gold, all in position, representing a game in full blast. The pennant is very elegantly mounted on a gorgeous pedestal, the top of which is a solid gold ball. The banner bears the inscription, "POLICE GAZETTE trophy, representing the regular league association baseball championship of America, presented by Richard K. Fox, proprietor and editor of the POLICE GAZETTE." It is extremely elegant and is valued at about \$1,500. In a few days this truly valuable and most beautiful championship pennant will be placed on exhibition in a large show window on Broadway. The pennant is of too high an order to be simply contested for this one season. Mr. Fox, the donor, desires it to be a championship emblem, to not only be contested for this season, but to remain the championship emblem of the league as long as that organization remains in existence. The club winning the championship each year will only be entitled to hold the pennant during such time as it remains the champion club, and to give it up to its successor to the championship each year.

SPORTING NOTES.

CHAMPLAIN, the trotter, has been sold by David Snow of Boston, Mass., to W. A. McNeill, Oskaloosa, Ohio, for \$10,000.

THE Lincolnshire handicap was won this year in 1:48 2-5. Poulet won last year in 1:43 2-5. Value of the handicap about \$7,000.

IT is reported that Wm. Norval recently skated five miles at Winkopine, Manitoba, in 15 20s, defeating R. G. Gates by 50ds.

Fox biting off the tails of two terrier puppies at Croydon, England, William Harbur was fined \$1, which he thought was rather expensive lunch.

ON April 19 Eddie Hoffman received the stakes in the match with Dommer. Hoffman was twice at the place appointed, but Dommer showed the white feather.

AT the Pastime athletic club grounds, New York, on April 15, J. J. O'Brien defeated W. Purcell wrestling Greco-Roman and catch as catch can, winning a fall at each style of wrestling.

JAMES WILSON, aged 18 years, while engaged at a game of foot ball at Birkenhead, England, was thrown on the back of his head, his whole body becoming paralyzed, and he died the following day.

ALL the stakes in the Cannon and Lewis foot race have been received by Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder. The final stake, \$200, was received from Daniel J. Thomas of Andenried, Pa.

DR. CARVER, having repeatedly shown his superiority over Capt. Bogardus as a trap shot, now says he is prepared meet anyone, giving his opponent odds of 3 yards in a match at 100 clay pigeons.

WHILE running in the Harrier hunt cap race at Ipswich, England, April 4, Gailey fell and broke her neck. In the same race a boy who got in the way of The Peer was knocked down and killed.

THE Essex county hunt enjoyed a chase at Orange, N. J., on April 14, over a score of lady and gentlemen riders participating, fifteen of whom were in at the death. Miss Almy Smith took the brush.

DURING the recent clay-pigeon shoot between Carver and Bogardus, the latter is a little afraid the blonde wig would not be in perfect harmony with his black eyebrows and black mustache.

THE "old man," the daddy, of the game, in his scientific style announces to the world that the Chicago will be first in the league championship race; Cleveland, second; New Yorks, third, and Providence, fourth. "Papa," you are away off in your calculations.

THE success Bob Ferguson's Philadelphia team have met with in their games with the Athletcs has been a surprise to the entire country, and he knocked the baseball prophets all out of time. It even struck "dumb with amazement" the "father" of the game.

PROF. P. McDermott was tendered a benefit at Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 21. Several boxers participated, and the wind up was between Mike Mulvy of Providence, R. I., and McDermott, who made a set-to which pleased the audience. Bob Smith acted as master of ceremonies.

ON April 16 Jerry Sully and Jim Samond engaged in a fight at Kirklin, Ind., on April 8, for a sum of money. The cause of the dispute was a difference of opinion as to which was entitled to the honor of being considered "the better man," and to this end they retired to a secluded spot to settle the question. After fighting for about half an hour without much advantage being gained by either, it was decided to make a draw of it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SENSATION WITH PEN AND PENCIL!

For the latest, liveliest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

H. B., Boston, Mass.—Vignaux is so considered.

A. F. B., Danville, Pa.—There is no authentic record.

C. H., Boston, Mass.—We have not the space to do so.

A. A. P., Albany, N. Y.—About 18 lbs is the proper weight.

J. S., Terreiro, Washington Territory.—The Jack is the highest.

S. H. F., Hanover, Ind.—The book is not to be had in this country.

E. W. H., Pittsfield, Mass.—Yes it will stop here several weeks.

A. S., Scranton, Jackson, Mich.—Morton is the champion clog dancer.

J. M. L., Alexander, N. Y.—A straight flush is the highest hand at poker.

S. H., Lexington, Ky.—Jocks killed 1,000 rats in 1 h 40m in England.

C. McG., York, Pa.—Sullivan and Ryan fought with bare knuckles.

W. J. H., Augusta, Ga.—We can supply you with a book. Price, by mail, 30 cents.

A. E. S., Avoca, N. Y.—Write to the American news company, Chambers street, New York.

M. S., Louisville, Ky.—Harry Kelly held the single scull championship of England in 1866.

J. B. S., Bordentown, N. J.—Joe Goss keeps a sporting house in Lagrange street, Boston, Mass.

A. C. M., Gallatin, Tenn.—If you desire to challenge Nick Murph, send on a forfeit with your def.

S. W., Brownsville, Tex.—A Wins. Maud S is only 9 years old and St. Julian is five years older.

J. J. B., Dunmore, Pa.—Jem Mace has the reputation of being the most scientific pugilist in the world.

M. P., Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Southern Confederacy on Feb. 8, 1861.

W. W. M., Custom, Ind.—Yes. 2. None of those concerns are square; in fact, no games of chance are.

G. G. M., Hillburn, W. T.—John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

H. B., Mobile, Ala.—1. Jem Mace is the most scented pugilist that ever stood in the ring. 2. Yankee Sullivan.

S. H., Baltimore, Md.—True Blue distanced Harry Bassett in a four-mile heat race at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25, 1873.

ENQUIRIES, Boston, Mass.—1. John Morrissey died at Saratoga, N. Y., on May 1, 1878. 2. He left no property

Another Candidate for State Prison.

One of the most insinuating rascals that has ever victimized a confiding community is Victor Menendez, alias Martinez, the expert confidence man, recently arrested in New Orleans, by detectives D. S. Gaster and Richard Kerwin of the city police. He is 28 years of age, and a native of the city of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and speaks and writes four languages, English, French, Spanish and Italian. He has visited Chicago, St. Louis and other cities in the northwest, and has operated in them successfully and without detection. The full extent of Menendez's speculations in New Orleans it will be impossible to determine, as there are numerous persons, who either through fear of ridicule or nonchalance, have failed to lodge their complaints. A sufficient number, however, have appeared, and have fully identified the expert swindler, and he will, doubtless, visit the Louisiana penitentiary at Baton Rouge in a very short time, and remain in the service of the state for a number of years.

Ex-Mayor DeBevoise's Plight.

Ex-Mayor DeBevoise of Long Island City, whose por-

**A SPOILED BREAKFAST**

THAT LED TO A FAMILY ROW IN A NEW YORK TENEMENT HOUSE.

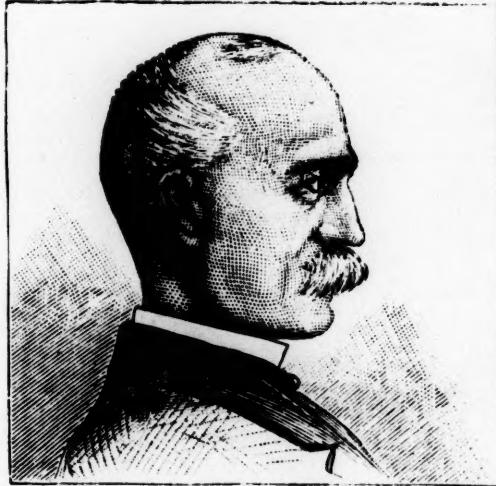
typefounder, for \$50,000 damages, claiming that he had seduced her under promise of marriage, and after a two days' trial the jury gave her a verdict for the extraordinary sum of \$3,792, about the minutest calculation of the worth of a woman's virtue that could be made. Mr. Bruce intends to appeal the case.

A Jury's Sympathy With a Lady.

The action of Thomas Townsend against Lean-

going, and added: "If you do go you need not return," to which Mrs. Thorn, with spirit, replied: "Then I will take my trunk instead of my satchel." She departed from her husband's house, visited her sister, taking with her the only child of herself and her husband, and at the conclusion of her visit returned to her father's house in Niagara county. From that time the pair have not been reunited.

A letter appeared on the trial from Thorn to

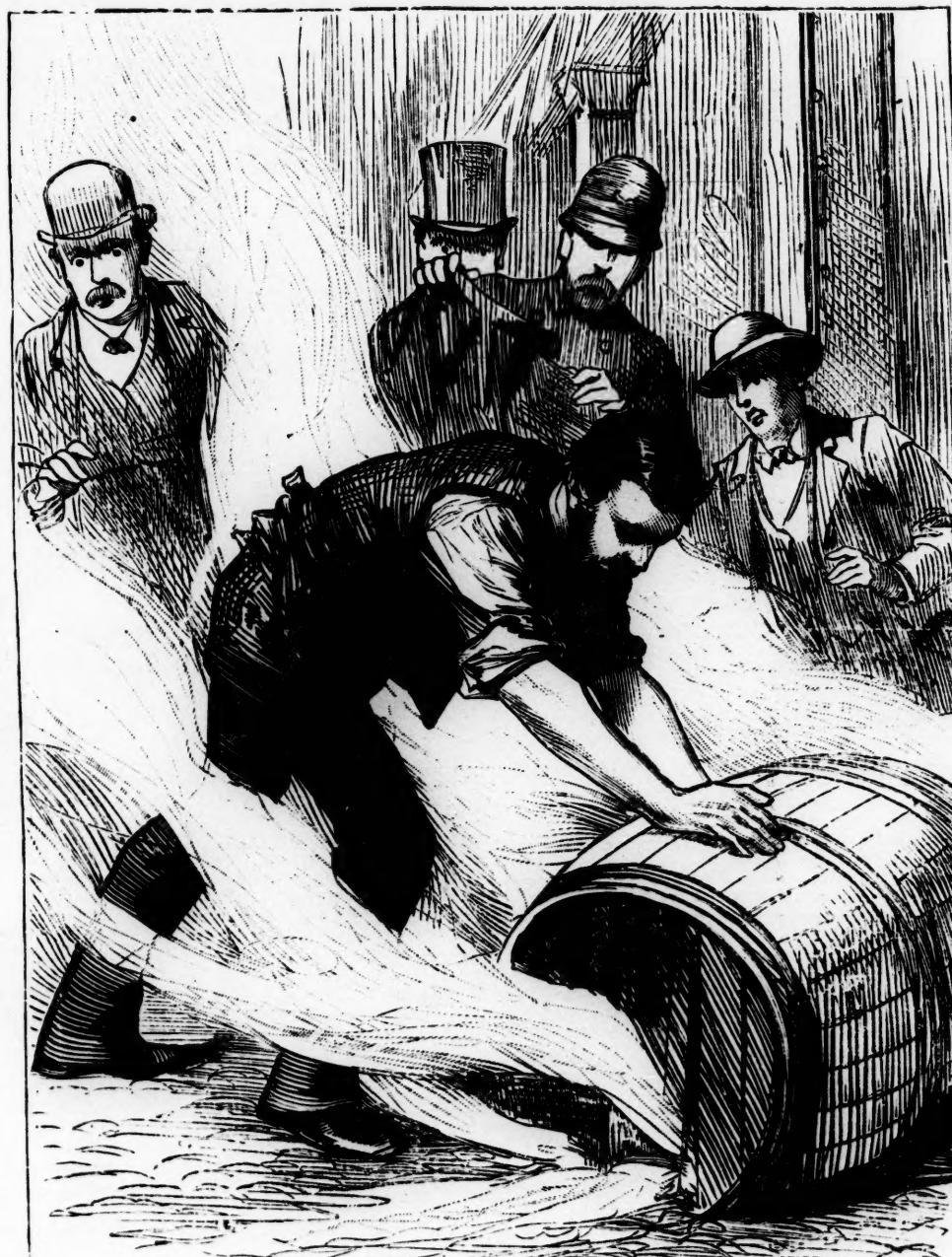
**DAVID W. BRUCE,**

THE GREAT NEW YORK TYPEFOUNDER, CHARGED WITH ROBBING A YOUNG GIRL'S VIRTUE.

trait (as taken during his confinement in Queens county jail) we publish in the present number, is probably more sinned against than sinning. Now that his opponents—that is, the so-called Law and Order association—have obtained a verdict against him in the suit begun for the recovery of certain bonds of the city, alleged to have been appropriated by him during his term of office, and have landed him in jail, they talk loudly of instituting criminal proceedings against him for embezzlement. However, the more sober-minded members of the community, including Sheriff Furman of Queens county, a political opponent of the ex-mayor, share the opinion that in the long run the latter will probably come out all right. They are beginning to look upon the whole business as a persecution instead of prosecution.

The Value of a Woman's Virtue.

The Bruce-Cloos breach of promise case has been one of the principal subjects of gossip during the past week in New York city. Miss Ernestine Cloos, daughter of a Hebrew professor, sued David W. Bruce, the great Chambers street

**A HEROIC ACT.**

AN EMPLOYEE IN A CHEMICAL STORE, SAVES THE BUILDING AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN LIFE; NEW YORK CITY.

der Thorn, tried in the circuit court at Lockport, N. Y., before Judge Lewis and a jury, has developed another domestic feud. About the year 1869 the defendant married a daughter of the plaintiff, the latter being a substantial farmer residing in the town of Cambria, near Lockport. Husband and wife removed to Kansas, where their married life appears to have been full of quarrels and bickerings. In 1871 the wife desired to go and visit a sick sister residing in the same state. The husband forbade her

his wife, couched in terms of profanity, in which he expressed his dissatisfaction that the boy had been taken away from him, but no regrets as to the wife. This suit was brought by the father against Thorn to recover for about 10 years' board and support of his wife, and the plaintiff succeeded in attaching some property of Thorn found in Niagara county. The judge was much disposed to non-suit the plaintiff, holding that the circumstances under which Mrs. Thorn left her husband's home in Kansas

**EX MAYOR DE BEVOISE**

LONG ISLAND CITY'S FORMER MUNICIPAL CHIEF, WHO IS NOW CHARGED WITH THEFT.

and his language and conduct did not amount to his turning her away, so as to justify her father in maintaining her at Thorn's expense; but the case finally went to the jury with a strong charge against the plaintiff on the facts. The jury however, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for \$250, a slight satisfaction of the plaintiff's claim, but enough to show their sympathy with the lady.

A Bridegroom Given Away.

Stephen Cornell is an ex-telegraph operator of the Grand Trunk railroad at Ft. Gratiot, Mich. During the past few months Stephen is said to have formed the acquaintance of the charming young organist in a Park Hill (Ont.) church, and to have visited Sarnia in her company. A few days ago the charming organist appeared at the fort, and requested Stephen to perform the marital act. It is also alleged that this request was given additional weight by a revolver carried in the fair organist's pocket. The ceremony, it is claimed, had been postponed from time to time until Friday, April 6, and that Cornell wanted it put over until Saturday, but the fair organist insisted on Friday being a good enough day even for

**ERNESTINE CLOOS,**

THE JEWISH MAIDEN WHO SUED A NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE FOR SEDUCTION.

cutting adrift on the sea of matrimony, and the job was therefore performed by Justice Granger on that day, the groom instead of the bride, the usual thing, being the party given away.

A Queer Marriage Experience.

George Toy, an aged man, who 33 years ago deserted his wife soon after their marriage, was on April 17 married to her in Lowell, Mass. When he deserted her she was compelled to work hard to support herself and her child. After several years waiting for George to return she married again. There was another separation. One more marriage followed, and two years ago the third husband died. The daughter by the first husband was married several months ago. The mother lost her health and had to go to the poorfarm. Several days ago Toy called there to see her; she recognized him, and they renewed their vow with the above result. Toy accumulated considerable property during his long absence. He proposes to buy a house for his long-neglected wife, and settle down as a family man.

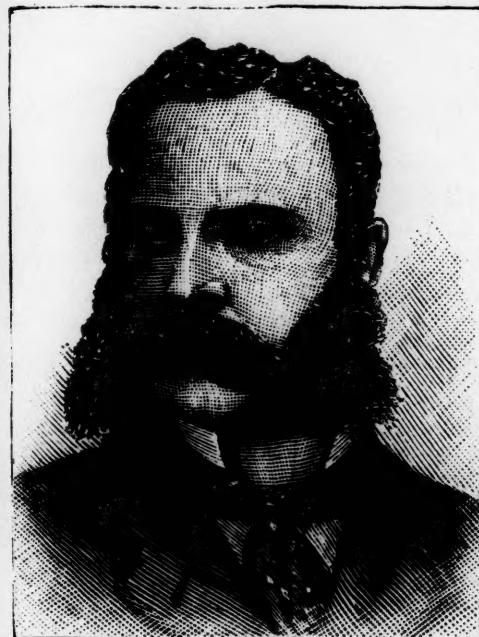
**VICTOR MENANDEZ,**

THE EXPERT MEXICAN CONFIDENCE MAN, NOW JAILED IN NEW ORLEANS.



MINNIE CONWAY,
INVOLVED IN THE SCANDAL BETWEEN WALLACE'S
LEADING MAN AND HIS WIFE.

John W. Thompson.
This able actor, a New Yorker by birth, made his first essays on the stage in California. Successive seasons under Lawrence Barrett and



JOHN S. GRAY,
THE EMBEZZLER OF \$40,000 FROM THE CALIFORNIA HARBOR COMMISSION.

other exacting stars, have made him familiar with the playgoers east of the Rockies. Mr. Thompson's abilities as an actor have stood the crucial test, and the future will hear more of him.

•••
Carlotta Evelyn.

The charming women and capable actresses of the American stage count in their first rank Miss Carlotta Evelyn. Miss Evelyn dates her nativity from Boston, where her stage experi-

ence commenced. Subsequent performances in New York, notably her admirable impersonation of the Countess in "Almost a Life" at the Standard theatre some years ago, confirmed her in metropolitan favor. The playgoers of the country at large have learned to know her since then. Miss Evelyn is an actress of great intelligence and considerable emotional power and dramatic force. She possesses an intuitive perception of the picturesque, and lends her least worthy parts a symmetry and value which testify to the artistic sympathy which animates her.



A CANINE SHORT STOP.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG TAKES PART IN A BASEBALL MATCH AND DOES SOME GOOD FIELDING, BUT SPOILS THE GAME.

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A Canine Shortstop.

Some enthusiastic young baseball players of Fordham recently had their game spoiled by the untimely interference of a Newfoundland dog, who had been taught to fetch anything tossed at him. He persisted in catching the balls hot from the bat and carrying them to his master, who was on one of the bases.

As the dog persisted in having a continuous inning and would not consent to be put out, the game was a peculiarly lively one—especially

F. C. Dobson.

We present, this week, the portrait of the banjo king of America, which means the world. As an artist and an instructor Mr. Dobson has achieved equal reputation, and in the great banjo tournament to be held next month at Steinway hall under his management, a number of his pupils, as well as older and better-known experts, will appear.



OSMOND TEARLE,

THE HERO OF THE LATEST DRAMATIC SCANDAL.
[Photo, by Marc Gambier.]

when both nines undertook to send him to the bat, and he caught the captain of the rival team on the fly by the bosom of his pants while he was making a home run.



F. C. DOBSON,

CHAMPION BANJO PLAYER OF THE UNITED STATES.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

J. W. THOMPSON.

[Photo, by Marc Gambier.]

CARLOTTA EVELYN.

[Photo, by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

SPORTING NEWS.

THE BOSS OF ALL!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, mappiest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world. Subscription rates: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.25. Specimen copies furnished free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

THE Williamsburg athletic spring games will be held April 23 at Wythe, Penn, and Rutledge streets, Brooklyn, E. D.

HANLAN and Plaisted have forwarded their entry for the professional regatta to be held at Pullman, Ill., in June.

The crew of the South End boat club defeated that of the Golden Gates, in a barge race at San Francisco Cal., April 1.

CHAS. ROWELL, who at one time was the pedestrian hero of two worlds, says he is anxious to run one more six day race, roll up a record of 650 miles and then retire.

The billiard match between Maurice Vignaux and Jacob Schaefer, which was to have been decided at St. Louis, April 12, ended in a fiasco, both failing to agree to the terms of the match.

E. P. WESTON, the pioneer of long-distance pedestrianism, is living in England, and now and again, in order to keep himself before the public, lectures on hygienic training and temperance.

WM. STEELE, the noted pedestrian, offers to run any man in America 10 miles for \$500 a side and the championship. A forfeit sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office will insure a match.

GEORGE HAZAEL, the champion six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian, has purchased the liquor store on Grand, near Fifth street, Williamsburgh, from ex Alderman Beardon of Brooklyn.

THE citizens of Ogdensburg, N. Y., have guaranteed a purse of \$2,000 if Hanlan and Ross will consent to row their long talked of race there. Both have signified their willingness, and the race will take place in July.

THE Star Athletic club of No. 240 West 33d street, New York, has elected the following named officers: Jacob Kline, president; William Remlinger, vice-president; Julius Schwarz, treasurer; Frank Remlinger, secretary.

PETER J. WARD, who was well known in Louisville baseball circles, died April 13, in that city, from the effect of injuries received by being struck with a bat in a game seven years ago. Abscesses had formed continually since.

HARRY GILMORE, the Toronto lightweight champion, disputes George Fulljames' right to the title, and is ready to arrange a match for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side; man and money ready at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, Philadelphia.

AT Pastime park, near Philadelphia, on April 17, Sam Allen's 140-yard handicap for \$75, \$15, \$10 in prizes, was won by J. Turner, who had 21 yards start. Turner, who is a mere youth, won easily, with J. Coogan second, and W. Eisenhower third. Joe Acton, referee.

CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS and Dr. Carver shot at 100 clay pigeons each at Providence, R. I., on April 11, and the captain won, breaking 94, and beating Carver by three. At Boston, Mass., in a similar match, Bogardus again defeated Carver, breaking 94 to Carver's 92.

A SPARING exhibition was given in Brooklyn on April 12 under the auspices of the Married boat club. The programme consisted of boxing and wrestling and each of the contests was on its merits. The wind-up was between the well known lightweights, Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, and afforded a fine display of science.

JACK REILLY and Tom Nolan engaged in a prize fight at Tombstone, Arizona territory, on April 8th. Reilly was seconded by George Hopkins and Jack McDonald, while Jim Ash and Jim Pasquale did the honors for Nolan. M. E. Joyce was chosen referee. Nolan was declared the winner on a foul after 13 desperate slogging rounds had been fought.

THE grand annual picnic and games of the Warren club will be held at Caledonia park, Baldwin avenue, Jersey City heights, on Wednesday, May 30, 1883, when gold and silver medals will be presented to the winners of the following races: 100 yds run, 40 yds run 1 mile run, 3 mile run, 1 mile walk, 2 mile walk, 5 mile professional race. There will also be boxing by experts during the day.

JEM MACE'S "stiff un" had a benefit at Tom Gill's sporting hall, Houston street, New York, on April 16. The affair was not very well attended. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 18 and stated that he was surprised that Denny Costigan failed to wind up with him, after he agreed to wind up with Costigan at the latter's benefit. "Stiff un" says Costigan was afraid to meet him.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Frank Butler (2), Mr. Williams, professional swimmer; Mike Coburn, Mike Cleary, Robert Donaldson, Prof McDermott, Harry Monroe, champion swimmer; Wm. McLaugherty, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon, S. M. Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, E. O. Ball, O. Lewis, Geo. W. Wingate, Dick Tilden, R. J. Dickie, Prof Laffin, James Carlisle, Frank Hart, Wm. Henderson.

THE fifteen-ball pool tournament ended in New York on April 14, and Albert Frey, the youthful champion, won the first prize, \$400. John Bessemer won second, and Burleigh the third prize. Frey won 9 games and lost none. Bessemer won 7, lost 2; Burleigh won 5, lost 4; Lambert won 5, lost 4; Dankleman won 4, lost 5; Knight won 4, lost 5; Leonard won 4, lost 5; Sutton won 3, lost 6; King won 2, lost 7, and Shaw won 1 and lost 8.

MRS. BLUETT commenced a suit on April 11 against the Buffalo club, to recover \$1,000 damages for being struck by a ball that had been knocked over a fence and caused a dislocation of her collar bone. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the club, finding that the plaintiff had no cause for action. For the

defense it was claimed that the ball never touched Mrs. Bluett, and that she was seen to pick up the ball and run with it into her house.

A SLASHING and desperate dog fight was decided in Brooklyn on April 19, between Tanner of South Boston, and Bony of New York. The dogs fought at 34½ lbs, a fair scratch in turn fight for \$300 a side. A large crowd of sporting men from Boston, Hartford and Providence, R. I., came on to witness the contest. Betting was even at the start, but Bony soon proved inferior to the Boston canine, and Tanner was made the favorite. The fight lasted two hours and 56 min, when Tanner killed Bony.

THE pigeon shooting match between John L. Brewer, the crack wing shot of Pennsylvania, and H. Bogardus, the ex-champion of America, was decided at Hoyle & Acton's Pastime park, Philadelphia, Pa., on April 18. Each shot at 50 single birds for \$500. Bogardus was a heavy favorite in the betting, but Brewer had plenty of supporters. The match was closely contested, but neither of the contestants made standard shooting. Brewer, to the surprise of many, won by one bird, knocking over 41 out of 50.

THE city and suburban handicap, about one mile and a quarter, was run at Epsom, England, April 18. It was won by Lord Roseberg's five-year-old brown horse Roysterman; Lord Ellesmere's five-year-old chestnut horse Lowland Chief was second; Gerard's four-year-old Sweet Bread, third, and Pierre Lorillard's four-year-old Sachem, fourth. Eighteen started. Rosster won by a head, while two lengths separated second and third. The time was 2:12. The favorites were nowhere, and 40 to 1 was laid against the winner.

FLORENT BARNETT, the pugilist, who broke his kneecap in a glove contest with Prof Wm. C. Mc Clellan's pupil, Joe Pendergast, is ruined for life, and will never be able to enter the prize ring again. On the night of the accident Mr. Wright Sanford and Major F. McLaughlin gave Barnett \$100, knowing that he was seriously injured. Mr. Sandford instructed Billy Edwards to see that all Barnett's wants were provided for, and said he would foot the bill. If there were a few more sporting men of this type it would be well for the prize ring division.

THE backers of Lewis and Cannon, who are matched to run, met at Hazleton, Pa., on April 7, and signed the following agreement which they request the POLICE GAZETTE to publish:

"HAZLETON, PA., April 7, 1883.
"We, the representatives of Cannon and Lewis, having met this 7th day of April, 1883, at Washington hotel, Hazleton, Pa., agree that the race between the parties named shall be run at Lehighton park, Pa., on the 26th day of April, 1883, instead of Hazleton driving park, as originally agreed on."

"D. J. Stramas, for Harry Lewis; James Collins, for P. J. Cannon."

THE single-scull race for \$2,000 between Edward Hanlan of Toronto and Kennedy of Portland, Me., which is to be rowed at Chelsea, Mass., on May 30, has led to much discussion among sporting men all over the country. The betting division who have always followed Hanlan, will still stand by his colors and back him heavily. In a biting point of view, there is not much to be made in backing Hanlan, as the champion's partisans, no matter what Kennedy's admirers may say about his locomotive speed for three miles, will have to lay over 3 to 1. Judging from Hanlan's record, he should win "hands down," and we have not the least doubt that he will do so.

IN regard to the recent challenge of Steele, the Waukesha pugilist, John Ward writes from Milwaukee, Wis., as follows: "I will fight Steele any time any place and for any amount from \$100 to \$1,000. His challenge to fight John Donaldson is absurd. Steele don't dare to stand up in the ring with Donaldson. Now, then, if he means business, why I am his man, and a 24-foot ring can be formed any place in the state. If he would like an opportunity of meeting John Donaldson with gloves, he can have it in about three weeks. I am going to give an exhibition in this city, and Donaldson will give \$1 for every minute he (Steele) spars with him."

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: H. M. Dufur, Duncan C. Ross, Frank Wilson, Funny Cooke, Capt. J. C. Daly, Ed Hanley, Frank Stevenson, James V. Kane, middleweight boxer of Pennsylvania; Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell, Bob Smith, Homer Lane, collar-and-elbow wrestler; Arthur Chambers, Harry Gilmore, champion pugilist of Toronto; John Mott, Joe Coburn, Billy Edwards, Prof. Wm. Clark, Jim Patterson, George Fulljames, Jem Mace, Gus Lambert, Viro Smalls, James Keenan, Boston; Gus Hill, Joseph Elliott, James L. Kernan, Monumental theatre, Baltimore; Harry Brooks, E. C. Kent, baseball pitcher.

A GREAT team pigeon shooting match was decided at Riverton, N. J., on April 14, for an amateur champion cup, under the auspices of the Riverton gun club. Each team comprised four men, and each contestant shot at 15 birds, making a total of 60 to each team. The following teams entered: Forresters of Reading, Pa.; the Rivertons, Long Branch, Philadelphia, Staten Island, Orange, Rockaway and the Westminster. The Long Branch team won, knocking over 44 out of 60. The Orange club of New Jersey, killed 41, the Staten Island club killed 40, the Riverton club killed 37, Westminsters 35, the Philadelphians 36. The Forresters and Rockaway clubs withdrew, owing to their fourth man failing to respond.

HARRY WOODSON, the Black Diamond, the POLICE GAZETTE colored champion pugilist, made a great hit at John H. Clark's Olympic garden, Philadelphia, last week, in glove contests with Gus Lambert. As soon as the sporting element learned that the Black Diamond had arrived they hunted up Big Bailey, the colored pugilist, and he was pitted against Woodson.

A large crowd congregated at the Olympic garden to witness the bout on April 17. Gus Lambert seconded the Black Diamond and "Shorty" Leonard attended to Bailey. The pugilists were to box four rounds, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for a purse. Only two rounds were fought when the Black Diamond completely used Bailey up and he was unable to come to time for the third round. Sporting men who witnessed the affair pronounced the Diamond a wonderful fighter, and Johnny Clark offers to back him to stop any colored pugilist in boxing four rounds, POLICE GAZETTE rules.

IN COMPLIANCE with instructions from Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, Mr. Jas. Kelly of the "Police Gazette" Rules, has forwarded to New York the forfeit money of Willis H. Cush, in connection with the middleweight medal for Colorado amateur sparring, as Cush has failed to perfect his title to that trophy, under the rules, by his refusal to

meet John P. Clow, the regular entry for the third and final test. The new medal, which is looked for by the middle of the month, will be in all respects finer than the old one. Clow will hold it until April 30, 1883, against any and all Colorado middleweight amateurs—Willis H. Cush preferred—who may enter for the same. After that date the medal will be his, unless some one of the entries now called for may win it from him as the rules prescribe. Entries for the new medal will be taken by James Kelly, proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Rules, at 19th and Holliday.—*Daily News, Denver, Col., April 2.*

On April 18 Richard K. Fox, the editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, forwarded a set of baseball "foul" flags, baseball bag and one dozen bats to the fair at Washington, D. C. The trophies will be raffled for, the foul flags being the first prize and the bag and baseball bats the second prize. The flags are very expensive, being made of blue silk, with gold fringe and tassels fastened to long poles, with gold spear heads. On each of the flags is the following inscription:

Presented by
RICHARD K. FOX,
the proprietor of the
POLICE GAZETTE,
New York,
1883.

There is not the least doubt that there will be great contention between the members of the military companies in the District of Columbia to win the valuable prizes offered by Richard K. Fox, and whatever company wins the foul flags will no doubt appreciate them.

THE great international wrestling tournament open to all wrestlers in the United States and Canada, for the POLICE GAZETTE championship trophy and \$1,000 in cash prizes, offered by Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, will be held at the Mechanics' Institute Fair building, Boston, Mass., on May 21. The prizes will be divided as follows: \$500 and championship trophy to first, \$200 to second, \$150 to third and \$50 to fourth. The wrestling will be best two in three falls, one bout collar and elbow, one bout catch as catch can, and one bout side hold in jackets. All entries to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and no entry will be recognized unless accompanied by a deposit of \$50 as a guarantee that the contestants will compete. All the bouts must be decided by POLICE GAZETTE rules. Since the announcement was made in the POLICE GAZETTE the following wrestlers have forwarded their entrance fee: Duncan C. Ross of Louisville, Ky.; H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass.; Capt. James C. Daly of New York. It is expected that Flagg, Burton, Lane, Theurer, Muldoon and John McMahon will enter. It is the first open-to-all wrestling tournament held in this country since the great tourney was held at Detroit, Mich., in 1871, when Col. J. H. McLaughlin (now living in Chicago) won the first prize.

JAMES WAKELY, business manager for John L. Sullivan, denies that the champion refused to meet Slade and fight for \$5,000. Wakely says: "I met the representative of Mace and Slade at Boston on April 16, and afterward joined Mr. Sullivan and friends in Mike Gleason's sporting house. Slade's representative said he would match Slade to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, the battle to take place in five months, and he would put up a forfeit of \$1,000. I replied, 'All right; I'll cover the money, providing the fight takes place in three months.' After a war of words I agreed to make the time four months. Rice telegraphed to Mace in New York, and Mace's answer was, 'Don't make the match less than five months,' and that ended the controversy for the time being. Sullivan said: 'I don't think any man wants more than six or seven weeks to train in, and I don't believe in making a match for a fight to take place in five or six months.' Slade's representative and myself agreed to meet in the Brower house on Monday afternoon, and there Slade's manager went over the same ground, with the exception of offering to make a match to come off in England in four months for \$5,000 a side. While I was trying to decide whether I would take this offer a despatch came from Sullivan saying, 'Defer making a match at present until I come.'

IN the suburbs of Boston, Mass., on April 15, there was a desperate dog fight between Boss of New York and Billy of Boston. The dogs fought a fair scratch in turn fight for \$600. Billy weighed 29 lbs, and Boss weighed 29½ lbs. Billy was made the favorite at \$100 to \$80. The first round lasted 52m, and the New York champion had the best of the fighting. In the second round, which lasted 45m, Billy had the lead, and was a heavy favorite. After the dogs had buckled for the third round, Boss was made the favorite. He fought like a Trojan, punishing the Boston champion terribly. He threw Billy down and commenced to cross his neck, and would have killed him in all probability, when cries of "Save your dog!" "Take him away!" etc., arose from those present, but his owner refused. The time of this scratch was 1h and 5m. Boss' trainer tried hard to call his dog off, but he refused to come until the half-hour had expired. He was taken to his corner and sponged, ready for the next scratch. When time was called, Boss went over even for the fourth scratch and began to work on Billy's shoulder, crunching it to pieces. Boss' handler then had hard work to call his dog off, but fortunately succeeded. It was then Billy's turn to scratch, but he refused, and the match was awarded to the New York dog, who is full brother to Ned, the champion of the world. Sporting men who were present say it was the most desperate fight ever witnessed. Fully \$6,000 changed hands.

JOHN CONNERS and James Hogan engaged in a prize fight on April 15 near Yonkers, N. Y., and Connors had to allow the sponge to be elevated in token of defeat, after 77 fierce rounds had been contested. The men stripped to their undershirts, and shook hands at 2:45 o'clock. They rushed to close quarters at once, and Hogan planted a tremendous right hand over Connors' right eye. It made his nose bleed and raised a big lump. This was first blood for Hogan. In the second round Hogan knocked Connors down. In the following rounds Hogan pounded away right and left, planting most of his blows on Connors' body. Connors saved himself by his science and by dodging. They clinched many times, and Hogan nearly always had the best of it. It was soon very evident that he was more than a match for Connors, and it was simply a question of endurance on the latter's part. Connors pounded Hogan severely about the head, but Hogan did not seem to mind it. After fighting 77 rounds in 1h 50m, Connors was too exhausted to come to the scratch, and Hogan was declared the victor. Hogan, though only 19 years

of age, weighs 182 lbs, and is very muscular. He is about 5 ft 8½ in height, and has fought ever since he could walk. He has knocked so many men out that a wide berth has been given him. Second to him in pugilistic rank was Connors, 20 years of age, weighing 165 lbs, and 5 ft 8 in tall. He is a better sparer than Hogan, but cannot slug so well. He has won many rough fights.

JAMES L. KERNAN, the well-known proprietor of the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, Md., in order to provide some amusement during the summer months to his numerous patrons, has completed arrangements and will introduce a number of interesting entertainments, the inauguration of which will be a grand national pedestrian contest. The entries are already closed, and comprise the following well known pedestrians and their records in a six-days' contest: James Albert, 57½ miles; John Sullivan, 50½; John Hughes (better known as "The Lepper," and entered for this walk by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE), 56½; George D. Noremac, 55½; Dan Burns, 57½; Frank Hart, 56½; Peter Panchot, 54½; George Durane, 54½; Frank Edwards, 53½; Dave Bennett, 51½; James A. Graham, 50½; W. F. Ward, 49½; John F. Schecker, 47½; John Cox, 49½; Chas. L. Hibbs, 48½ miles. The contest is to be a six-days' walk for the championship of America. The summer garden is being very beautifully improved. A new track is being laid, covered by a 12-foot shed, and has been surveyed, to measure twelve laps to the mile, marking it the second largest pedestrian track in the country. An immense platform will be erected in the center of the garden for an orchestra of thirty musicians. The entire garden will be improved on the style of the Madison square garden in New York, and will be opened with the national six-days' walk on May 23 at 11:30 night. A female pedestrian match will follow, and be succeeded by bicycle races and other attractions.

AN important foot race was arranged for \$1,000 between Wm. J. Miley of Summit and Harry Lewis of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on April 14, and Richard K. Fox was chosen final stakeholder. The following are the articles of agreement, which we have received with the first deposit of \$200: "Articles of agreement entered into this 14th day of April, A. D. 1883, between Wm. J. Miley of Summit Hill, county of Carbon and state of Pennsylvania, and Harry Lewis of Wilkes-Barre, county of Luzerne and state aforesaid, as follows, to wit: The said Wm. J. Miley and Harry Lewis hereby mutually agree to contest a foot race of 100 yards length for the sum of \$500 a side on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1883, \$100 a side being this day deposited to be sent to Richard K. Fox, editor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, who is to be final stakeholder, and in whose hands the balance, or \$400 a side, is to be deposited on or before the 26th day of May, A. D. 1883. And it is further agreed, that the referee and starter be chosen on the day of race; that the said Wm. J. Miley and Harry Lewis start by pistolshot, and in case either of them breaks mark before such pistolshot the person so breaking mark shall go back one yard; but if both men break mark even before such pistolshot, it shall be deemed a race; that they, the said Wm. J. Miley and Harry Lewis, be at their stations between 2 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of June 7th, A. D. 1883; that the racecourse be in an enclosed park in either Carbon, Schuylkill or Luzerne counties, but not elsewhere; and that the 'gate money,' less all expenses for tickets and park, be divided equally between the said Wm. J. Miley and Harry Lewis, or in any other manner to which they shall mutually agree. And the said parties further agree that, in the event of any questions arising which are not provided for in these articles, the referee shall have full power and authority to decide such, and his decision shall be final and conclusive; that the stakeholder shall be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the decision of the referee. And the said parties do hereby further agree that on failure of either of them to comply with any or all of these articles such party shall forfeit all moneys previously deposited.

"Witness our hands and seals the day and year above written.

At the time E. P. Weston of Providence, R. I., walked 107 miles in 22h 30m without a rest, at Bristol, Eng., Nov. 26, 1877, the feat was looked upon as a marvelous one. Weston's great performance did not long stand the best on record, for on September 11 and 12, 1876, Peter Crossland, at Pomona Palace, Manchester, England, walked 120½ miles 240 yards without a rest. Recently, Chas. A. Harriman, for a wager, in Hurd's Theatre, Truckee, Nev., attempted to beat Crossland's record at walking without a rest. Harriman publicly announced that he would walk 121 miles without a rest. He trained for the contest, the distance was correctly surveyed and competent judges were selected. No one believed that the tall pedestrian could accomplish the feat, and great interest was manifested over the affair. Harriman, attended by Chapman, his trainer, started on his task at 7 p.m. on April 6, and at 12 midnight, April 7, he finished the task. Harriman's performance will have to be authenticated in the usual manner before it will be placed as the best on record. We have not the least doubt, however, that he can accomplish thefeat.

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